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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
PROLOGUE TO "THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN." By Algernon Charles Swinburne	1	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		REVIEWS:	
NOTES OF THE WEEK	1	Literature and Life	9	The British Sphere in China	16
LEADING ARTICLES:		Sir Anthony	11	Short Masterpieces	17
The Outlook	5	First Nights	12	East and West Africa	18
The Progress of the War	5	INSURANCE	13	Propertius Naturalised	19
The Royalist Rôle in France	6	CORRESPONDENCE:		Through History by Express	19
The War and the Press	7	Contraband of War. By Montague Barlow	14	Indian Economics	20
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Is England Decadent? By W. Klug	14	Captain Gronow	21
The Forbidden Subject	8	Bank Holidays	15	More Verse	22
Jour de l'An	8	Spoiling Our Soldiers. By Maurice L. Johnson	15	NOVELS	22
		Publishers and Booksellers	15	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	24
				THE JANUARY REVIEWS	25

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

PROLOGUE TO "THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN."

SWEET as the dewfall, splendid as the south,
Love touched with speech Boccaccio's golden
mouth,
Joy thrilled and filled its utterance full with song,
And sorrow smiled on doom that wrought no wrong.
A starrier lustre of lordlier music rose
Beyond the sundering bar of seas and snows
When Chaucer's thought took life and light from his
And England's crown was one with Italy's.
Loftiest and last, by grace of Shakespeare's word,
Arose above their quiring spheres a third,
Arose, and flashed, and faltered: song's deep sky
Saw Shakespeare pass in light, in music die.
No light like his, no music, man might give
To bid the darkened-sphere, left songless, live.
Soft though the sound of Fletcher's rose and rang
And lit the lunar darkness as it sang,
Below the singing stars the cloud-crossed moon
Gave back the sunken sun's a trembling tune.
As when at highest high tide the sovereign sea
Pauses, and patience doubts if passion be,
Till gradual ripples ebb, recede, recoil,
Shine, smile, and whisper, laughing as they toil,
Stark silence fell, at turn of fate's high tide,
Upon his broken song when Shakespeare died,
Till Fletcher's light sweet speech took heart to say
What evening, should it speak for morning, may.
And fourfold now the gradual glory shines
That shows once more in heaven two twinborn signs,
Two brethren stars whose light no cloud may fret,
No soul whereon their story dawns forget.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The military events of the week have been the advance of General French on Colesberg, the success of Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher at Sunnyside and his occupation of Douglas, the fighting at Dordrecht, when a small party of Lieut. De Montmorency's force which had been cut off was brilliantly rescued, and General Gatacre's affair at Molteno on January 3. General French has not succeeded in occupying Colesberg though there were reports to that effect early in the week and indecisive fighting has been proceeding since. Reinforcements for which he asked have been sent to him. In the seizure of Douglas splendid work was done by the Queenslanders and Torontos who were with the Imperial troops. Unfortunately the event was only a raid, and Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher has retired on Belmont, taking with him the loyalists of Douglas. The incident of the Canadians carrying the babies of the place away in their arms appeals to us not only on account of its picturesque qualities but because its effect may easily be far reaching.

A truce of Christmas was observed by Briton and Boer at Ladysmith as well as on the Southern and Western frontiers, and the usual home festivities of the season were varied in the British camps with sports to us strikingly unseasonable at this period of the year. Her Majesty's Christmas message to the troops was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, and New Year's greetings were sent to the Queen from Kimberley. In reply Her Majesty said "I watch with admiration your determined and gallant defence though I regret the unavoidable loss of life incurred." It was a just expression of the thought of the nation. Curiously similar accounts of the sort of nervousness which often leads to fighting simply as a relief from an intolerable strain came from Ladysmith and the Modder River during Christmas week. At both places there were Boer scares taking the form of sudden and purposeless outbreaks of gun and rifle firing. This was no doubt due partly to suspense and the weariness of constant watchfulness; partly it may be ascribed, as regards the Boers with General Cronje, to the reported outbreak of typhoid and the absence of water, with the consequent anxiety as to the possibility of his continuing to hold his position. To some extent the nervous tension must have affected our own men, but in spite of surprise, shell fire, and smaller rations there was confidence at Ladysmith, and amusement on the Modder at the panic of the Boers.

The account of the Modder River battle, as originally given us by Lord Methuen's curiously worded telegram, was obscure. The adjectives employed were strong and flowery, and the details of the fight were difficult to understand. Much that was then obscure has been explained, and the adjectives used were not too strong. We now know too that it was another surprise. Our side had no knowledge of its close proximity to an exceedingly strong Boer position until a murderous hail of bullets proclaimed the fact. The Boers led us to imagine that their main position was on our left, whereas it was really on our right. By this means they drew our artillery fire on to the wrong spot. Happily Lord Methuen was advancing with all the usual precautions, so the evil was to some extent minimised. The behaviour of our troops—exposed for many hours under a blazing sun to perhaps as fierce a fire as ever rained—was magnificent.

We believe that the Government has no intention of doing anything about Delagoa Bay, the importance of which to the Boers is perhaps exaggerated. Tea, sugar, and coffee may reach the Transvaal through that port, but the necessities of life for the Boer army are beef and mealies, which are obtained from their own farms and flocks. It is of course necessary to prevent the importation of arms, but vigilance at sea and the cultivation of the friendship of the Portuguese officials ought to be able to do that. The Portuguese Government could no more sell or lease Delagoa Bay to the British Government than we could sell or lease the North-West Provinces of India to Russia. Such a transaction would destroy not only the Ministry but the Monarchy at Lisbon. Nor is Lord Salisbury likely to provoke European intervention by the occupation of Delagoa Bay.

By the seizure of the German liner "Bundesrath" to the north of Delagoa Bay the question of what is and what is not considered contraband of war by England seems likely to be brought to a direct issue. There appear to have been three German officers and twenty men in khaki on board, nominally an ambulance corps, an obvious means of passing fighting men into the Transvaal which the Boers have by no means neglected. Lord Rosebery in a letter to the "Times" of the 30th December called attention to the reported seizure of flour and foodstuff cargoes as a matter involving grave issues in the future to this country. The question is one of expediency more than of strict right and there are numerous precedents for treating foodstuffs as contraband when they are destined to assist the enemy. If food is going into an enemy's country it is easy to show that this must be the effect directly or indirectly. But this is not an argument which satisfied England at the time of the Franco-Chinese War of 1885 when rice was declared contraband. We protested then and maintained that food generally could only be so declared when it was clearly destined for military use. It would not be wise to extend this principle in our own favour at present. In the event of a great war we might find the rule which we had helped to establish operating very much to our disadvantage. But this is quite another matter from the exercise of our right of seizing acknowledged contraband goods destined for the Transvaal and we have been not too insistent but too lax in asserting it, *pace* the German Anglophobes.

On New Year's day the enrolment of the first body of select Metropolitan Volunteers for service in South Africa took place in the Guildhall. A draft of 500 men and officers will embark on the 13th inst., and others will follow later. Arrangements are being made for an early muster and review of the Imperial Yeomanry force by the Prince of Wales. What the Lord Mayor said in his speech to the Volunteers applies equally to the Yeomanry. Their service abroad inaugurates a new era in our national history, and their action will impress a new character upon all our future military arrangements. When the Volunteer, mounted or infantry, becomes part of the regular army in time of war a far wider conception of his place in our military system must inevitably follow. All classes of Englishmen are now under the influence of the feeling expressed

by the German Emperor at Berlin on New Year's day: it is the highest honour to dedicate one's blood and purse to the Fatherland in her armed service. We too shall have to "evolve the reorganisation of our army despite the opposition offered by ignorance" and remember the Emperor's quotation of Frederick William I.: "If anything has to be done in this world, the pen will not do it unless it is supported by the strength of the sword." The conditions of our army are far from being those dwelt upon by the Emperor in regard to the Prussian Army "at the dawn of the last century"—it must be remembered that for the Emperor the nineteenth century is over—but it is undoubtedly too much like the Prussian Army of that period in not being "equal to its mission." The German nation learnt its lesson: the British are being taught the same lesson to-day.

What is practically a Militia division is under orders for South Africa. This is as it should be. For now that Volunteers and Yeomanry are proceeding to the front it would have been an unjustifiable slight to the constitutional force, which as a rule receives all the kicks and few of the halfpence of War Office benevolence, to be left out in the cold. Even before this recognition of their claims, the Militia had contributed much to the war, though this is not a fact of common knowledge. The Militia reserve—a body which contrary to what its name implies is a reserve for the regular army of selected men from the Militia—was called upon. The result is that some Militia battalions have already contributed the flower of their men.

It may not be generally known that there is in London a Dutch Club, which holds its meetings over a silversmith's shop in Waterloo Place. The members of this club are both Dutch subjects and Dutchmen who have become naturalised Englishmen. The club is of course the centre of the Boer sympathisers in our capital. Subscriptions for the Transvaal are raised, so we are informed, nominally in aid of the wounded, and sentiments inimical to Great Britain delivered. We cannot be surprised if Dutchmen proper indulge in these measures; but it should be understood that if naturalised subjects of the Queen directly or indirectly aid and abet Her Majesty's enemies, they are technically guilty of "levying war" against their sovereign. A naturalised subject is under precisely the same obligation of allegiance as a born subject.

We fear that no accurate presentment of the real sentiment in the United States regarding the war in South Africa reaches this country. It is true that many of the leading newspapers take the pro-English view, but, taking journals all over the country and not only in New York, there is no doubt that the balance is heavily against us. So it is with public opinion, the proportion of anti-British sentiment is by far the greater. The quotations which reach our newspaper readers by no means afford a correct idea of American opinion. Briefly the condition of public feeling as expressed in newspapers may be summed up thus. The Administration organs and the financial organs are still strongly with us, but the latter are tending to waver because the war is beginning to injure trade. It must not be forgotten how completely the Administration is in the hands of the great financiers and trust companies. It will be interesting to observe the development of affairs as the Presidential election approaches.

At a time when the importance of an all-powerful navy is manifest, the Parliamentary Returns of the Fleets of Great Britain and Foreign Countries is not a reassuring document. Of the fifty-three completed battleships with which we are credited no less than sixteen are still armed with inefficient artillery in the shape of muzzle-loading guns. These would be completely outclassed and outranged—to use an expression now being applied elsewhere—if pitted against modern ordnance. In the French navy there does not appear to be a single muzzle-loading gun. If an iron-clad is worth retaining on the effective list, and having her machinery renewed, her artillery should be improved

as far as possible. If we take the number of battleships launched and completed during the last twenty years our number is 36 to France's 25—not a great superiority. We have however 17 building and completing to only 4 building in France which will place us in a better position. When we add 11 Russian battleships completed and 12 building to the French totals it is evident that we cannot relax our exertions in this class of vessel. Scouting at sea is as important as scouting on land. This Return affords no reliable indication as to whether we are adequately supplied with fast cruisers. When we find historic craft like the "Warrior" and the training squadron included we may well doubt the value of a Return containing such anomalies, and equally demand that our sea scouts should be up to date.

After a long and very dull trial only relieved by the hysterical outbursts of M. Déroulède the French conspiracy affair has resulted in the condemnation of only three persons out of the large number who were charged; but these are the three who are best known. M. André Buffet the agent of the Orleanists was found guilty of having concerted a plot designed to destroy or change the Government or to excite the citizens to arms against the constitutional authority, and of the commission of acts preparing for the execution of it. M. Déroulède of the League of Patriots was found guilty on practically the same charge. M. Jules Guérin though found guilty also on that charge, was acquitted on the count for the attempted murder of policemen; and he was convicted also of being in the illegal possession of arms and of insulting and assaulting public functionaries. In all these cases and on all the charges that bewildering element of French law, extenuating circumstances, was found. M. Guérin is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress possibly by way of keeping green the memory of Fort Chabrol, and M. Déroulède and M. Buffet are sentenced to ten years' banishment. A fourth M. de Lur-Saluces was also sentenced in default to ten years' banishment.

A second blow has been dealt the baser part of the French press by General Galliffet's letter to the Military Governors of Paris and Lyons, and the Generals of the French Army. Such journals as the "Intransigeant," "Libre Parole," "Petit Journal" and all those that attack and abuse the President and the Government are to be boycotted by the officers and soldiers and, on no account, to pass into the garrisons and barracks. So runs the Minister of War's letter, pointing out that seditious articles are calculated to bring about indiscipline among the soldiers and to incite the officers to "revolt" and "rebellion." The measure is wise; and General Galliffet is strong enough to withstand the attacks that his orders will provoke. Soon, if the Government lasts, we may hope to see it limit the freedom of the press and thus put an end to an evil which has poisoned many a life and ruined many a career.

For some time past serious efforts have been made to induce the Italian Government to carry out certain obligations which were assumed by Italy on the annexation of the kingdom of Naples. A treaty was entered into in 1859 by the then independent kingdoms of Naples and Bavaria under which there was guaranteed to the Princess Marie Sophie of Bavaria (now Queen Dowager of Naples) the payment by the Neapolitan State of a dowager's pension in the event of her surviving her husband, afterwards the late King Francis II. of Naples. A formal demand for the payment of the arrears of pension since the death of the late King five years ago was laid before the Italian Government on 27 December, and it is difficult to see how the Government can refuse it, as the claim of the Queen is based upon a treaty engagement identical with others similarly entered into on behalf of the Princesses Marie Annonciade and Marie Immaculée, which have been admitted without demur. In July 1865 the late King Victor Emmanuel authorised his Foreign Minister, General la Marmora, to give the Spanish Government the most solemn assurance that the personal rights of all the members of the Neapolitan Royal Family would be absolutely protected, and on

the faith of that promise the new Italian Government was recognised by Spain. A refusal to carry out this promise would seem almost impossible, as the question is not merely one for diplomatists, but one that touches the personal honour of the King as the son and successor of King Victor Emmanuel. It might also create an unpleasant precedent.

The New Year's list of honours is neither a long one nor has it much distinction. Lord Cromer is the only name of the first rank. Last year he was raised an additional stage in the peerage by being created a viscount; this year he is added to the Privy Councillors; his honours keep pace with the prosperity of the country which owes much, very much, to his splendid services. The merits and ability of Sir Stafford Northcote, one of the new peers and the new Governor of Bombay, are better known to a select circle of relatives and friends than to the public. It is not often that a family secures two peerages within fifteen years. Sir John Lubbock's peerage was expected, and is the reward of a diffused industry. When a man sets himself to be a banker, a naturalist, and a politician, he can only attain a certain measure of authority in the commercial, scientific, and political worlds. "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none" might be an unjust description but there is no doubt that manysidedness is only attained at the expense of depth. It would be regrettable that London University should miss the opportunity of sending a distinguished literary or scientific man to the House of Commons.

Of the other honours there is not much to be said. The Privy Councillorship of Lord Rowton anticipates, we do not know by what length of time, the appearance of the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield." Captain Abney, of the Science and Art Department, and Major-General Festing, of the Science Museum at South Kensington, are made respectively K.C.B. and C.B., and Dr. Lauder Brunton becomes a Knight Bachelor. These with Sir John Lubbock represent the scientific honours. Colonial officials in the usual abundance are placed in some grade or another of the "Chancery of S. Michael and S. George." Dr. Manson, the Medical Adviser at the Colonial Office, has had heavy duties in connexion with the new School of Tropical Medicine. One group of honours is reminiscent of the recent mutiny in Uganda. The cession of Samoa is marked by distinctions for several officials who until lately were engaged there. The various Indian Orders receive their usual quota, but there is nothing calling for special remark.

Mr. Frederic Harrison in his annual address as leader of the Positivists on their "festival of humanity," the first day of the New Year, was characteristically bitter over the origin of the war. He can see nothing but a decadence of our national life, and a decline of all our finer aspirations, and he traces it all from the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India! Mr. Harrison looks back on his earlier ideals with a prejudice which blinds him to the value of the ideals that have been steadily growing in the interval. We are certainly not making idols now of the ideas of 1869, apparently the golden age; and we have ceased to do so because the world has practically grown considerably bigger since those days. Africa, China and the Colonies have been discovered and thrust upon us in a sense quite different from the mere knowledge we had of them in 1869. Ignoring facts, and charging those who realise the changed conditions of the world with arrogance, military ambition, race pride and other cardinal vices is not philosophy but Pharisaical narrowness and shrewishness. It is strange that the man who can criticise the actual military operations so sensibly should be so perverse. He sums up the position admirably when he says that, if the campaign has hitherto been a failure and a cruel disappointment it has not been inglorious nor calamitous; that there have been reverses but not routs nor defeats; for this would mean disorganisation and demoralisation and of these there is no sign.

Sir James Paget who has died at the age of 85 was the *fine fleur* of the medical profession. He possessed

a combination of qualities which are only found in men of the very finest capacity. The greatest pathologist and one of the greatest surgeons in England his skill as a teacher was unrivalled. There was a somewhat old-fashioned air about his general philosophical principles as there was about his flowing periods, but he acquired a great reputation as "the first surgical philosopher and orator of his day" and as the most eloquent representative of medical opinion in public matters. In surgery he had not so great a reputation as Lord Lister for example, but his original contributions to surgical pathology were of very high value. His influence on his profession however depended more on the qualities of his general character than on his scientific contributions; and he was regarded as the beau ideal of the accomplished, tactful, and high-minded practitioner. His appointments in the Royal households, his position as Vice-Chancellor of the London University, and other public honours conferred on him were official recognitions of the place he occupied in his profession.

The cost of maintaining the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is constantly increasing. During the last financial year it amounted to £195,123, exclusive of payments in respect of loans. It is not surprising therefore that the London County Council should desire to obtain a larger contribution from the insurance companies, which now pay at the rate of £35 per million of the gross amounts insured by them in respect of Metropolitan property, the actual payment last year being £30,548. But the companies decline to consider the Council's suggestion of an increased contribution, and declare that it is "contrary to the principle which is now accepted as governing all legislation on the subject" that they should make any contribution at all, and they threaten to seek relief from the present payment if the question is reopened. In these circumstances the Council is recommended by its committee to approach the provincial corporations with the view to some concerted action. But the Council will do well to remember that provincial towns are not in receipt of enforced contributions from the companies, and that London may lose the substance in grasping after the shadow.

The Rev. Allen Whitworth, the well-known Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, has felt himself compelled after twenty-four years' membership of the English Church Union to retire from that society. He sums up the character of the extreme faction, which with the President's sympathy and assistance have now completely monopolised the Union, in a short but vigorously expressed letter to the Secretary. "My present principles are those which led me to join the Union and its Council in 1875; the same principles require me to tender my resignation to-day." That is the case in a nutshell. If High Churchmen do not wish to be the cat's-paws of a lawless minority they must follow the example of Bishop Mylne, Dean Hole, and Mr. Allen Whitworth and retire from the E.C.U.

The Bishop of London has written a New Year's letter to his clergy, which seems to us very much in place, and useful alike to the letter's recipients and to its writer. To say the unpopular thing always requires courage and the Bishop has said the unpopular thing. It is true that as a people we have been given of late to overmuch swaggering and pharisaical folding round us of our immaculate garments. The Bishop has also written another letter ("Standard" and "Morning Post," 1 January), this time to a correspondent, who apparently thought to convict the SATURDAY REVIEW of falsely claiming the Bishop of London as a witness to King Charles I.'s self-sacrifice to the cause of the Church and Episcopacy. This unfortunate correspondent Dr. Creighton crushed with a quotation from Ranke's History of England (vol. ii. p. 553), in the same sense as the sentence we quoted from the Bishop in our article on the "Carisbrooke Memorial" (23 December).

The whole question of the Empire's ability to feed itself is summed up in the title of the discussion which took place at the Article Club dinner on Wednesday. "Imperial Agriculture" is a phrase to be remembered. The object of the debate was to prepare the way for the

forthcoming Imperial Agricultural Congress. That the British race owed much if not everything to agriculture in the past is pretty generally admitted. Agriculture however has been a declining force during years when its Imperial importance has been intensified. Greater Britain is mainly agricultural, but no steps have been taken to ensure that the produce of the Empire should be utilised for the Empire's special benefit. Two points were kept in view by the speakers at the Article Club: First how to induce young Englishmen to remain on the land at home and so prevent the further disappearance of the hardiest and healthiest class in the community; second how to bring the colonial farmer into closer touch with the consumer in the Mother-country. In an after-dinner discussion wide-reaching suggestions were hardly to be looked for. The Chinese Minister made one good point. The British Empire must take a leaf out of China's book. In China for over 700 years the outer provinces have fed the metropolitan province. That is precisely the end to be aimed at by Imperial Britain.

The Board of Trade's Report shows that strikes during 1898 would have been of less gravity than in any year since 1894, with the exception of 1896, if it had not been for the Welsh coal-strike which involved 100,000 men and a loss of working days amounting to three-fourths of all the time lost in disputes. It was the great industrial disturbing cause of the year. The mining and quarrying groups are only 11 per cent. of the trades in the Labour Tables but they account for 47 per cent. of the strikes. Each year sees one big labour dispute which decides the percentage of industrial time and wage losses. In 1894 it was the 70,000 Scottish miners; in 1895 the 46,000 operatives of the boot and shoe trade; in 1897 the engineering dispute affecting 47,500 workpeople. Eighty-eight per cent. of the disputes of 1898 were for advances in wages, trade being good: hours disputes were quite unimportant. Including the Welsh strike the advantage was strikingly on the side of the employers; 60 per cent. of the disputes ending unsuccessfully for the workmen. The building trades alone scored successes in some four-fifths of their differences about labour. It is worth noting that local authorities as employers had over 60 per cent. of successes in disputes with their employees.

The death of Mr. Schnadhorst removes from the arena of party politics the most celebrated political organiser of the day, for he was the embodiment of the caucus system in England. The idea was imported by Mr. Chamberlain, but Mr. Schnadhorst made it a fact. Was it for good or ill? We should say for ill. We agree with the "Westminster Gazette," whose article on Mr. Schnadhorst and his place in politics is well worth reading, especially as the utterance of convinced Radicals, that political organisation can be carried too far.

Apart from political influence, the opening week of the year is almost always a cheerful one in the City. Dividends are paid, which have to be invested, and people are disposed to hope for better things. Tuesday and Wednesday morning showed a marked recovery in Stock Exchange values from those of the black Christmastide; but on Wednesday afternoon there came news of an unfavourable bank statement in Berlin, and the general liquidation was resumed, this time on behalf of foreign clients. The fact is that French and German operators have for some time past been carrying over stocks in London, and now that they have been told that they must take up their shares, they are throwing them on the market. The uncertainty of the war in South Africa is the cardinal factor in the situation. At present all foreign countries are hugging their gold, paying for bills on this country in paper currency when they can, because they don't know what is going to happen. The moment these financiers see that we are going to win the war within a measurable distance of time, the monetary stringency will cease. Tenders at the Bank of England for £2,000,000 Local Loans Stock at a minimum of £97 10s. should be plentiful, the Stock being already quoted 2½ points above the issue price.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE darkness of the weather has co-operated with the war news to depress the national temper. It is of little use to point out to the pessimist that England has often passed through periods of greater danger and despondency. At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century Great Britain was at war with France Spain and Holland. The invasion of Ireland was twice attempted by a French fleet, under General Hoche and General Humbert, the latter actually landing on the sister island. At the very height of the crisis a mutiny in the Navy broke out at the Nore, and there was a terrible rebellion in Ireland. The private correspondence of the time reveals the real fear that haunted the best informed (Cabinet Ministers like Windham and clever women like Lady Stanley), of the capture of these islands by Buonaparte and our total subjection to the French Republic. Nine years later our reverses in the Peninsula were so alarming that the City Corporation petitioned the Government to recall Lord Wellington and conclude peace at any price. The horrors of the Indian Mutiny following upon the heels of the Crimean campaign must still live in the memory of those who have passed middle age. But it is of little avail to recall these chapters in our history to the present generation, and to point out that we have nothing like such a combination of difficulties to face at the present hour. The imagination of the majority of men is feeble, and their power of taking long views and making comforting comparisons is impaired by the apprehensions of the moment. It is no consolation to us, they exclaim, to be told that our forefathers suffered worse things a hundred years ago: the world was different then: we want to know what our Government is going to do now and here. And the demand is natural and just.

It is well to remember three things: that our Navy is unengaged, and is therefore as ready to tackle any European power as ever it was: that our export and import trade is absolutely untouched: and that our domestic industry is still advancing by leaps and bounds. The calling out of the reserves has not dislocated manufacture to an appreciable extent, and, so far as the working classes are concerned, it has raised wages and absorbed a large amount of unemployed labour. The menace of a coal famine is the chief set-off. On the whole therefore it cannot be said that, apart from the loss of life, which has hitherto been small in comparison with previous wars, and the mental worry, this country has suffered or is likely to suffer severely from the South African campaign. What proposals the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have in store for us, when provision has to be made for our share of the bill, does not trouble us much. Whatever has to be paid will be paid cheerfully; that is the least part of the business. The question which everyone is asking everybody else is, how and when is this war going to be brought to an end? Provided Great Britain is let alone, can any man capable of calculating doubt that the end is near at hand? Familiar as are the figures, let us set down once more the population and revenue (the two sources of strength) of the combatants. According to census returns, which there is no reason to doubt, taken in 1894, the white population of the two republics cannot exceed 150,000. Throw in 10,000 or 20,000 for disloyal colonists and foreign mercenaries and your total is 170,000, men, women and children. The population of the British Isles in 1891 was 38,104,975. According to the steady and previous rate of increase, the population of these isles to-day must be at least 41,000,000, and with our colonies the total is over 52,000,000. With the gold industry in full swing the revenue of the Transvaal reached, in round numbers, £5,000,000, while that of the Orange Free State is about £800,000. In the present state of war, it is a liberal estimate to put the available income of the two republics at £2,000,000. And let it be here remarked in passing that should Mr. Kruger propose to confiscate the gold mines he will inevitably provoke the intervention of France and Germany, against him, not for him. The estimated revenue of Great Britain for the current year is over £110,000,000, and a surplus is already within sight. What chance has a population of 170,000 with an income of £2,000,000, or £3,000,000, of beating

a population of 50,000,000, with an income of £110,000,000? We say nothing of the difference in the moral and mental equipment of the combatants, because we do not wish to boast, or indulge in fatuous self-laudation. But numbers and money are indisputable facts, which have hitherto ruled the world.

Provided we are let alone, therefore, there can be little or no doubt that the coming year will see the conclusion of the war upon our own terms. But shall we be left alone? We have so often and so recently in these columns stated our reasons for not believing that any Continental power will interfere with us at present, that we need not repeat them. We do not understand the nervousness, prevalent in certain quarters, as to the capture and detention at Durban of the German steamer "Bundesrath." Either the "Bundesrath" carries contraband of war, or it does not; that is a matter for the decision of the prize court, which will sit at Durban, and will presumably be assisted by lawyers conversant with international conventions and previous decisions on the subject. If the "Bundesrath" carries contraband it will be forfeited: if it does not, the British Government will pay compensation to the owners of the vessel. There is absolutely nothing in the incident, which must be of frequent occurrence in all wars, to disturb the friendship between Great Britain and Germany. As a matter of fact we understand that the British and German Governments are exchanging views on the subject in the calmest and friendliest spirit. Russia is to be sure always an incalculable factor in politics, more or less; but seeing that Russia is casting about for a loan, and that the Tsar is still the great apostle of peace, we retain our conviction that "the divine figure of the North" is not going to swoop down upon us just yet.

It is impossible to pretend that more than the smallest interest is felt in the domestic legislation of the coming session of Parliament. We believe that the Cabinet is "going to do something about the Poor Law," and this is the year in which the London Government Act of 1899 comes into force. But we are so debauched by the absinthe of war that for the moment we have no thought for guardians or mayors. Will there be any inquiry into the conduct of the war, and the organisation of the War Office—the "Nicht Wahr Office" as the Germans call it? That, we should say, depends upon when the war is concluded. We fancy that most Britons are of Mr. Winston Churchill's opinion—reinforce first, and criticise afterwards. We cannot predict the movements of the Opposition. It should be remembered that in January 1855, in the middle of the Crimean War, Mr. Roebuck moved for a Select Committee "to inquire into the condition of our Army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of the army." This motion was a vote of censure on the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for War, and, though opposed by Lord Aberdeen's Government, was carried by a majority of 157, an event which was followed by the resignation of Lord Aberdeen, and the succession of Lord Palmerston. Is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman preparing a similar resolution for the meeting of Parliament? We are not in the secrets of the Opposition, nor will we hazard a prophecy as to the reception of any such motion by the present House of Commons: that would depend entirely on the course of events in South Africa. But of this we feel sure; that at some period of the year 1900 we shall have an inquiry into our unpreparedness and the organisation of the War Office, which will be quite enough to occupy our minds during the next twelve months.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

IT is a distinct relief, after the gloomy events of the last month, to relate that some successes have attended our arms. It is true that they were not far-reaching. But successes—no matter how insignificant—are welcome just now. Though the general situation cannot in this manner be relieved, the effect, especially on the still wavering Cape Dutch, may be considerable. Much obscurity still envelops the whole course of

events, and the deadlock continues. Neither side is in the position in any place to bring matters to a climax. At Ladysmith the Boers, after their Christmas holiday, seem to be acting with renewed vigour. The camp is being shelled with increased energy. How great is the strain to which its garrison is hourly subjected is well exemplified by the story of the Boer shell which burst in the mess tent of the Devonshire Regiment. The worst feature in the present situation at Ladysmith is the knowledge that sickness is increasing. Confidence however is well maintained. It is especially unfortunate that during this trying period the flower of the British army in South Africa is doomed to inaction. The regiments under Sir George White are all drawn from India or other foreign stations. That is to say they are regiments which are ready for war without the supplement of reservists who—however well they may have acquitted themselves in other parts of the campaign—cannot possibly be the equal of the younger soldiers in either training, physique, discipline or musketry proficiency. The military training of the latter has suffered no break. Consequently they are "fitter," and thus more active. Of the relieving force in Natal we know little. It is rumoured that Sir Redvers Buller, now reinforced by more troops and more Generals—of which there was already a superfluity in Natal—will soon again assume the offensive. Should this be the case, it is to be hoped that with the assistance of eminent strategists and tacticians—he has near him two ex-commandants of the Staff College—he will be able to evolve some plan which carries at least the likelihood of success. From the South we hear of some successful fighting in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht. After a reconnaissance, during which the enemy was discovered north of Dordrecht, it was found that twenty-eight men had not returned. Upon this a small force under Lieutenant de Montmorency was sent to their relief, and brought them into safety. General Gatacre's position has not undergone material change though reports are to hand of some sharp skirmishes in the neighbourhood of Molteno where he has succeeded in driving the Boers back. From General French operating against Colesberg comes reassuring intelligence. On the afternoon of 31 December, and accompanied by five squadrons, half a battalion, eighty mounted infantry carried in waggons, and ten guns, he left Rensberg. At 3.30 A.M. on the following morning he occupied a kopje overlooking Colesberg from the west. For once in a way the enemy—owing to the excellent precautions which had been taken—were surprised. At day-break their laager was shelled, and their position soon enfiladed. Meanwhile a demonstration was made with cavalry and artillery to the North. A Boer retirement was the result. But as usual the retirement was but temporary. For the enemy are still at Colesberg, and General French wired that with a small reinforcement he could dislodge them. That reinforcement is forthcoming, but with difficulty owing to the manner in which large numbers have been diverted to Natal from their proper sphere of operations. In the West also we have for once outwitted the Boers. On 31 December a force consisting of Queensland and Canadian troops and some mounted and dismounted regular infantry left Belmont under the command of Colonel Pilcher. Covering some twenty miles before sunset on that day, they reached the Boer laager at Sunnyside—30 miles north-west of Belmont—on the following morning. Complete success attended their efforts. On 2 January Douglas, which had been in the hands of Boers, was occupied by the British to the joy of the inhabitants. In the meantime Lord Methuen, in conjunction with this undertaking, sent a cavalry brigade to reconnoitre along the Riet River. Though Colonel Pilcher's brilliant little affair was on too small a scale to effect any great military result, it is of extreme importance in two respects. It is the first engagement in which the Colonial troops have taken a leading part—well indeed have they proved their worth, and would that we had more of them in South Africa—and it is the first operation which has been successfully carried out some miles away from a railway—perhaps a sign of increased transport efficiency. As to Lord Methuen's situation generally, the deadlock still continues. But it is satisfactory to know, judging by

Colonel Pilcher's expedition, how well his communications are being watched. Kimberley and Mafeking are still holding out.

Lord Roberts will soon arrive and enter upon his arduous duties. It is to be hoped that he will lose no time in concentrating his forces. Too many different campaigns, and too much dispersion of troops, is the order of the day. Above all it is to be hoped that he will not repeat the mistake of Sir Redvers Buller—although it of course may have been the result of orders from home—and identify himself directly with any separate campaign.

THE ROYALIST RÔLE IN FRANCE

IF discrimination be one of the highest qualities of the judicial mind we do not think that anyone will be disposed to find fault with the manner in which the Senate has performed its functions. That the "conspiracy" in question has more of the features of the *opéra-bouffe* than the tragic drama in no sense diminishes its importance. In order to be completely magnanimous a Government must be completely secure and the greatest admirer of the Republic does not venture to formulate this claim for his favourite institution. It cannot afford to pardon its would-be assassins as Charles V. in the play because they will most certainly not reply with Hernani in a similar burst of magnanimity and cry "*Oh! ma haine s'en va!*" On the contrary they would only misuse their immunity from punishment, and the difficulty which beset the Senate was how ingeniously to steer its course between making too much and making too little of an affair which was at once disquieting and ridiculous. This they have done with a reasonable amount of success. But they who feel a warm interest in France and watch her course with sympathetic attention cannot dismiss the drama along with the performers. Though the conspirators have made themselves absurd the Republic is not thereby justified. It wins the trick not because it holds the cards but because its opponents persistently throw away their trumps and we have yet to learn that a Government can found a claim to permanent support merely on the mistakes of its opponents.

But that has been undoubtedly the main reason for the endurance of the Third Republic for thirty years. There have been several occasions during that period when it has owed its existence not to its own wisdom but to the folly of the Opposition. That the State to-day should be subject to the shocks and surprises which are perpetually shaking it is a depressing commentary on the principles of the Revolution. The first duty of a Government is to govern, to enlist in its service the best instruments among its subjects for the promotion of the objects for which Governments exist. When a general possesses a considerable reputation but loses all his battles and cannot employ properly the best talent among his subordinates, we begin after a time to doubt if he is so great as his reputation would make him. The revolutionary principle has been fighting for more than a century, and is continually vanquished. We are thus forced to the conclusion that the inexorable laws of political justice condemn it as a failure on the stage of history. It is conclusively proved that the most fatal error a nation can commit is to break irrevocably with its past, to refuse to owe anything to tradition, and to strive to set up a constitution which is founded upon some arbitrary postulate rather than on the experience which is the growth of ages. France is a melancholy instance of the truth which other democracies demonstrate that by eliminating the hereditary principle you do not open a political career to talent but to mediocrity, if not to something worse. The American perceives this and laughs; the Frenchman also perceives it, and does not laugh; he winces, because he thinks other nations are laughing at him, and when France is irritable the rest of the world becomes nervous. It is impossible fairly to resent the French attitude but it is highly desirable that it should be modified and the Republic has done nothing but aggravate the disorder.

It has never been anything but a *pis aller*, and a *pis aller* may serve but does not satisfy. Who can see

in M. Loubet the ideal head for the land of Jeanne d'Arc, S. Louis, the Grand Monarque, and Napoleon? The qualities of M. Loubet are excellent, they are those which go to insure the prosperity of the bourgeois class, but they are not such as to enthrall the imagination of a proud and sensitive people. Now the Republic has given France a succession of Presidents of whom M. Loubet is an exaggerated type. An hereditary house throws up from time to time an interesting, romantic, or heroic figure. There is always the chance. The only chance of distinction under the Republic is to be undistinguished. The *épiciér* is the master of things. But the perennially safe man is by no means the safest man for France. The collapse of Gambetta and Ferry, the shelving of M. Constans and General Dodds show how much chance there is for brilliancy in the most brilliant of nations. If the mediocrity of the Republic is evident, the ineptitude of its enemies is no less so. They refuse to profit by the situation which the former perpetually creates. Their one aim seems to be to make themselves ridiculous in a land where ridicule kills. Their talent for blundering is colossal in its magnitude. While the whole of thinking France is clamouring for a régime which will give peace with dignity they daily are demonstrating their incapacity to furnish anything but discord with dishonour. What can be hoped from a pretender who allies himself with anti-Semites, Nationalists; or the jeunesse dorée who tried to upset the Republic by knocking M. Loubet over the head with its walking-sticks? The drama which began as a tragi-comedy with Boulanger has terminated in the farce of Déroulède and Guérin.

What is more deplorable is that the Church, the natural ally of the Monarchy, should have become involved in these dreary fiascos. Along with the Army the Church is the only institution which commands the respect of a large class of Frenchmen. Like Achilles in the nether world, "only they have living force, the rest are fleeting shades." The well-wishers of France will pray that the votaries of the hereditary principle, under whatever banner they may elect to march, will shake themselves free from the evil influences which have barred their advance. Let them show that they can support the Republic when its servants deserve support as is the case with the present Cabinet. They may then conquer the public confidence more rapidly than foreigners believe. A vast number of Frenchmen are only waiting to be convinced, but such exhibitions as that of the recent "conspiracy" only tend to accentuate scepticism in politics and to make men say "Who will show us any good?" This attitude does not serve to give real strength to the Republic: it only tends to shake confidence in the future of France. A more deplorable result both for France and Europe it is impossible to contemplate.

THE WAR AND THE PRESS.

THE Emperor Joseph II. who did many rash things and said some wise ones shocked literary circles in Vienna by classing the making of books with that of cheese "and other such employments." It would be interesting to know in what sphere of commercial activity he would have placed the productions of a modern newspaper. The late Dr. Busch has not failed to make clear to us the attitude of Prince Bismark and his views on "quill-cattle," though it would be incorrect to assume that that great man judged all journalists from his "Buschlein" or that he spent his life in inspiring the hiss of the reptile Press. In this country the purveyor of news and he who comments thereon need not fear the contemptuous patronage of the great. On the contrary he is the one who would fain distribute the order of merit and regulate the affairs of the country, bidding princes and potentates tremble at his nod and, if they refuse their obedience, he will hoist them as high as Haman. This masterful assumption of control and the real power that lies behind it may pass for long almost unnoticed in time of peace, but when the noise of battle hurtles in the air, a nation of newspaper readers is threatened

with many and great dangers. At such times the official who restrains the output of news is to be regarded as a benefactor who limits production for the good of the consumer. The danger which arises is that the less patriotic journalist then assumes the part of the Chorus and says to himself,

"Let us, ciphers to this great account,
On their imaginary forces work."

With deplorable results this is done every day, but we must recognise that the larger portion of the reputable Press makes little or no complaint of the Censor's curtailment of news.

The result of the strict supervision of all communications from the seat of war which has characterised the South African campaign is to lower considerably the value in the market of the war correspondent. There is little doubt that the judicious and systematic suppression of evil hitherto deemed necessary to a modern army will lead eventually to the virtual disappearance of a class of non-combatants who are rapidly becoming a menace to the free conduct of warlike operations. So soon as newspapers find that their gigantic expenditure is followed by puny statements of fact instead of columns of descriptive matter, while the latter is postponed till it has almost lost its significance, they will save their pockets to the great advancement of the true ends of wars. After all the primary object for which warlike operations are carried on is to win battles not to make copy and the interests of a newspaper may not inconceivably conflict with the interests of a campaign. There is little doubt that the indiscretion of a war correspondent gave the first indications of MacMahon's change of plan which terminated at Sedan. We have not yet forgotten the deplorable controversy which resulted from the too fertile brain of a nervous correspondent at Omdurman. A large number of newspapers and their correspondents are honourably free from the mere desire of sensationalism, but regulations are made not to restrain the good but the offenders and to eliminate the latter we gladly welcome the suppression of all within narrow limits.

Apart altogether from the mere traffic in news our Press in wartime is becoming an engine of incalculable power for harm. As reticence would be its principal use for good, to do good is in this matter almost against the nature of things. The next best thing is wise and sober comment; of this we have some most honourable examples, but all the temptation lies the other way and there is no great indication that such *emulkeu* as the Bishop of London recommends is the end and aim of our most widely circulating journals. On the contrary the public being already in a state of not unnaturally nervous tension the tendency in some quarters is evidently to goad and lash it into some outburst of fury against certain persons. These victims have been arbitrarily selected for punishment by gentlemen whose claims to either insight or information may be most meagre. The fact that their readers more often than not are ignorant even of their names may be a good reason for the readiness with which their fiat is accepted, but it is deplorable that public opinion should be actively swayed to administer praise or blame by the irresponsible chatter of anonymous scribblers. There is another way in which the action of the Press during the present war is exercising a perverse influence on the body politic. We refer to the grotesque exaggerations of every action however trivial in the military drama. Every successful skirmish becomes "a great British victory" and the result is that defeat and success are magnified until all sense of proportion is lost. The public becomes daily more nervous, and less capable of gauging events from the historical point of view. We forget that our losses have as yet never attained anything like the proportion assumed by the casualties in all the great battles of the century even in comparison with the numbers engaged. It says much for our moral fibre that we have not yet sunk to a condition of complete mental ataxy such as other nations have before now arrived at in similar circumstances. It is quite certain that the effects of this diseased magniloquence have been more than once traceable in the despatches of our generals in the field, though happily

these too exuberant periods are now pruned by their own or another hand. We fear that their efforts other than literary may have suffered from this influence. When renown does not wait for despatches or the historian of the future who weighs and considers, but may be won and bestowed in a day it would be more than human if some men should not seek to seize it by a brilliant stroke. The results on the general conduct of the campaign need no demonstration.

So far as this action of the Press may deserve blame it has had its origin in an exaggerated sense of self-importance rather than in baser motives, but so much cannot be said for some evening newspapers whose existence is the most in evidence. Burke in a famous passage held up to contempt the writers who clamoured for battles which they were not to fight as beings whose continued existence on the earth was only to be accounted for by the mysterious decrees of Providence. It has been reserved for this polite age to evolve a system of exploiting the public pocket which is unique in its degradation. It is bad enough to announce national calamities as certainties when they are known to be inventions, this is a sin against patriotism. To torture for gain the feelings of innocent people by the assertion as facts of catastrophes which have hardly reached the stage of rumour is an act of venal barbarity which should for ever debar its perpetrators from association with decent people. They stand on a distinctly lower moral footing than the ignorant Boer who misuses the white flag. That such rags are comparatively few in number is neutralised by the fact that they are particularly obtrusive.

THE FORBIDDEN SUBJECT.

WE are not going to discuss the question of the new century : which way madness lies. Oh no : we have too much regard for our peace of mind. Out of the controversy, we are safe ; in it, we would not trust even ourselves against the contagion of madness. Every soul, we observe, who touches this appalling argument, is either mad when he goes in to it or mad when he comes out. Not but that the temptation is great. It is difficult to watch your friends and relations furiously fighting about nothing without taking sides. There lies the danger. You begin by watching them in the spirit of the most superior philosophy. Your detachment of mind is Aristotelian in its dignity. Then, still quite outside the fray, with a confident smile, you back one of the combatants just for amusement's sake—as a man puts down a napoleon just for amusement at Monte Carlo. Then you think your man has not put his case so well as he might. You make a suggestion—in a few minutes you are fighting hard as the hardest. You are a lost man—at least if you are not lost your temper is. The amount of bad blood, if not spilt, certainly brewed in this battle of the century is appalling to contemplate. The gentlest girl, the most inoffensive man, loses all self-control—grows hot (and generally red)—gets angry, and becomes positively abusive. Watch two persons discussing the century. You can see in a moment that each thinks the other a fool—in another moment, he says so—and very soon each is satisfied that his opponent is morally reprobate. What happens when a couple of veterans—chartered by their age and record to be “peppery” in temper—meet, is too awful to dwell upon. We only hope no hapless young man will ever cross their swords. Of course, one must admit, as a lady fresh from the controversy remarked to us the other day, it is very annoying, when you have demonstrated to a man that he is wrong, that he should not be able to see it.

So serious is the fight becoming—so dangerous to peace at home, so threatening to the “fabric of society,” and generally, as Mr. Gladstone would have said, “hurtful to Christian charity,” that we sincerely regret that the authorities have not had the courage to settle the matter one way or the other, as have the Germans. To invoke the aid of brute force, of Parliament, would be inartistic doubtless—it would not be “pretty,” as a duellist would have said—but the matter has become essentially one for police. In default of such summary treatment, we are compelled to be thankful

that facts are giving the victory to the 1901 party, though, it must be confessed, only by a grave injustice to the champions of 1900. However, the fact remains that they who will have the century begin next year have contrived by keeping the discussion open with every kind of violence to get the beginning of the year out of the way before there was time for their antagonists and the onlookers (a remnant) to celebrate the birth of the new century. Hardly a soul dares to speak of the new century as come—the occasion has now gone by—and whatever the merits, the wish of the 1901 faction is a “fait accompli” ; for nothing can prevent their celebrating the new century next year. That we shall then be in it no man will be able to question ; and to say that we have already been in it twelve months will be of no avail. The strangest thing about the whole dispute—rapidly developing into an “affaire,” tabooed in all seriousness in many families—received with downcast looks and dead silence at dinner parties—is that the subject of the quarrel is of no account to anybody. Whose heart does it touch, whose honour, whose pocket whether we are in the nineteenth or the twentieth century ? But perhaps it is human nature that they should quarrel most bitterly whose difference is imaginary. We cannot help thinking—though it is stepping perilously near the vortex to say it—that the new century dispute is not one where one side or the other must be fundamentally wrong. Surely there was never a question on which men might differ with more dignity and less anger. The names of the combatants prove that a man may take either side and keep his self-respect. If the appeal be to intellect, De Morgan was on one side but Lord Kelvin is on the other ; if to authority, what though the “Times” has settled the question in favour of 1901, the German Emperor elects for 1900. Truly it would be interesting, if one could discover the virus of the century dispute. For we know that the madness of the day is but a repetition of the madness of the end of last century. The method of that day was different from ours : more blood was spilt, for many duels were fought, and possibly more violence shown in temper, but we are persuaded not more temper was felt. However, one good thing has been extracted from the prolongation of the contest ; it has staved off at least for a year the avalanche of new-century eloquence—what an oration shall we have at the City Temple—to stave it off indefinitely, we would be willing for the controversy to outlast the century, whenever it begins and whenever it ends.

JOUR DE L'AN.

“THE end of the century,” says “mon père” when Edouard and Josephine and “ma mère” leave him at last free to take his absinthe. “The beginning of another,” replies his friend. And both, mixing their apéritif, sigh. “France has suffered since last January,” declares “mon père.” “But France is better now,” answers his friend. And both, sipping their absinthe, smile. Pedlars pass and pester. Vendors of mechanical toys hold forth, then set them starting on the pavement. Booth-owners offer their nougat, their brooches, their rings. “It is good to be alive,” says “mon père.” “It is better than to be dead,” remarks his friend. And both finishing their refreshment, laugh and retire. The pedlars disappear. The vendor of mechanical toys marches off. The booth-owners shut up shop. Waiters hurry home ; and the boulevards become dark. But they are brighter and brisker than ever next day—the first of the new century—and the trade done by the pedlars and booth-owners surpasses that of the three preceding days. Everyone wears his choicest finery. Everyone enjoys himself gaily but amiably. Everyone has forgotten the old year, and thinks only of the new year that is to come.

While the bourgeois and boulevardier are rejoicing on the Rive Droite, Bohemians, in their turn, are burying the past and toasting the future on the other side of the Seine. They dine royally ; drink copiously ; sip chartreuse, then go forth arm in arm. Bullier's, of course, is patronised ; many make for the Noctambules, others dance up and down the Boul' Mich', stopping

at every second café. Waiters are hailed. "Alphonse," says Paul, "you have amassed much money this year—you must be rich. You will retire into the country soon and entertain grand-dukes in your new château. You will drive disdainfully down the Boul' Mich', gazing scornfully on Mimi, Musette, Pierre, and me. Give us bocks then, O Alphonse, in which to drown our envy—let them be large ones, let them be golden, let them be brought by your own sweet self and placed before us by your own honest hand." Bocks come: "Monseigneur" says Paul, "Mon Prince" says Pierre, "Votre altesse" say Mimi and Musette, "we drink to your château, your grand-dukes, your steeds, your grounds, your fowls, your flowers, your lake." Alphonse bows and hurries off—then Paul, Pierre, Mimi, and Musette review the past. Feasts are described, adventures related. "We were together," declares Paul, "at the same hour and in the same place a year ago. We have been faithful to one another. We love each other still. And so, Alphonse, if your head is not already turned, if your hand is still honest enough to carry beer—bring us bocks as large and as golden as before." Karl passes: Karl, the man "qui est allé chez Quesnay deux fois." In a sepulchral tone, with an imposing gesture, he recites his famous phrase: "Je suis l'homme que vous attendez." And Paul calls upon him to narrate his interviews with Quesnay, which he does for the thousandth time, and Pierre discovers "points" in his story that Karl has never recited before, and tells him so; and Bibi la Purée interferes, Bibi who first suggested the idea of Karl's "Veiled Lady," Bibi who called on de Beaurepaire also, Bibi who nearly carried off that misguided magistrate's umbrella. In comes Mère Casimir, a withered old lady, so bent as to be only four feet high. Bibi embraces her; suggests that she be given bock; takes snuff with her. Bibi wins her smiles by referring to the glorious days when, instead of selling matches, she supped with grand-dukes, drove in smart carriages, and danced gracefully in the first row of the ballet at the opera. "Vive la France," shouts someone in the background. "Vive la Jeunesse," replies Mimi. "Vive Zola, Vive le Capit—" begins another. "Silence," answers Paul—"N'en parlons plus."

Soon, Paul's table is the most surrounded in the place. Karl attracts many; Bibi is always a draw; Mère Casimir has her following too. And then there are Mimi and Musette—children almost, eighteen or nineteen, fairer than most of the kindly and merry little daughters of Murger. Again, bocks are brought; again the past is fully reviewed—but, as we look round the café and forget Paul and his guests, we see figures and faces that are neither young nor fresh nor happy. Other Mimis, other Musettes, sit in corners alone, or in couples. They are older, though, than Paul's Mimi and Pierre's Musette, and their dress is seedy. They, moreover, fear the future and regret the past. Perhaps they see themselves as they were eight or nine years ago; like Paul's Mimi, like Pierre's Musette. Perhaps they recall old revelries, when they, too, drew celebrities to their table. Memories of those gay trips in the country must haunt them: they, rushing to the station on Sunday, watching eagerly for the first glimpse of green; Paul and Pierre, hastening before them, predicting a glorious afternoon in the train. Then, the arrival at the little country station, the walk in the wood, the luncheon of cold fowl and white wine and strawberries by the lake, the race between Mimi and Paul, the quarrel between Pierre and herself, the making-up afterwards, the search for flowers, the rush again for the train, the return to the Boul' Mich' entirely happy but utterly tired. All past, this—all done with. They, now, are neglected because they have lost their youth. They, now, must look on while younger Mimis, fairer Musettes, rejoice. They, now, must sit alone, or in couples, fearing the future, regretting the past. And, as time goes on, their years will increase, their remaining freshness fade, their dress grow seedier still; and, on the dawn of next New Year's day, they will be even more neglected, even more alone; and, not so very much later, they will be expelled from their rooms because they cannot pay, and cross the bridge one night and take to the boulevards and never return to the Latin

Quartier, never be a Mimi or a Musette, never be a daughter of Murger, again. But—"Tiens, voilà notre bonne Mimi," says Paul. "Pauvre fille," replies Pierre, "elle est toute seule." "Va donc la chercher," says Paul to his Mimi. And so the younger Mimi goes over to the older Mimi, and kisses her, and wishes her a happy New Year, and brings her back to the noisy and crowded table. And then the younger Musette sees an older Musette, and fetches her too. And soon old Mimis and young Mimis, old Musettes and young Musettes, are all sitting together, all sipping together, all friends together, all laughing at the eccentricities of Bibi, the reminiscences of Mère Casimir, the adventures of Karl. "Alphonse," says Paul suddenly, "du champagne." "Alphonse," orders Pierre, "des cigares." "Alphonse," calls Karl, "des sandwiches." Alphonse hustles; Alphonse replies "Tout-de-suite;" Alphonse hurries off, and the flower woman and nougat merchant come in. "Tiens," says Mlle. Mimi for the thousandth time in her short life, "des roses." "Tiens," observes Mlle. Musette, "du nougat." "Mais c'est la ruine," declares Paul, "La misère," proclaims Pierre, for the thousandth time too! But they buy nougat and take roses "comme autrefois," and present them to their Mimi and Musette "comme toujours," and, what is more, offer a packet and a bunch of each to Mimi aînée, and to Musette aînée, and to Mère Casimir the oldest of them all. "Et Bibi?" asks a voice. "Bibi," replies Paul, "shall have my umbrella." And Bibi smiles; takes the umbrella; and remarks that he has seen choicer ones. And everyone laughs, and everyone chants "Bibi et les Parapluies," a well known air. Soon, the champagne, cigars, and sandwiches come. When the cork has been skilfully removed by Alphonse, when the sandwiches have vanished, when the cigars are alight, Mimi calls upon Paul for a toast. He rises; after bowing, he speaks: "The old year is over, the new year has commenced, another century has dawned: but the Jeunesse of the Rive Gauche flourishes, prospers, triumphs still. How could it do otherwise whilst Mimi is here, whilst Musette is with her? How could it lose its reputation while Karl 'l'homme qui est allé chez Quesnay deux fois,' 'l'homme que vous attendez,' remains faithful, in spite of temptations, to the quarter? How could it grow dull while Bibi la Purée, the only Bibi, Verlaine's Bibi, preserves his passion for umbrellas and wears Verlaine's shirts and haunts the Boul' Mich' saying 'Ten francs only! only ten francs! the bust of Bibi la Purée!' Ah! mes enfants. It is good to be alive, and it is melancholy indeed to be dead. Let us rejoice over our youth. Let us say to all who recall the trials and tragedies of the last year: 'N'en parlons plus.' Let us love the Rive Gauche. Let us love Notre Dame. Let us love our families, our friends, our France." Touched, Mimi must embrace Paul. Stirred, Musette must embrace Pierre. Enthusiastic, Bibi must embrace Mère Casimir. That done, Mimi aînée and Musette aînée must also be embraced; that over, Alphonse must be called; that settled, all must go forth. Milk, however, must be taken: it can be had just opposite, at Madame Bertrand's. Notre Dame must be saluted: she, and her towers, rise proudly just a few steps away. And so, "En avant la Jeunesse," Paul and Pierre leading; "En avant les filles de Murger," Mimis and Musettes following; "En avant les farceurs," Karl and Bibi bringing up the rear. "Heureuse année," they wish one another on the bridge. "Heureuse année," they repeat as they separate and dance off. "Heureuse année," says a policeman kindly when Mimi aînée and Musette aînée go past.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

WE took occasion, not many months ago, to commend to the reader's attention a certain definition of Art, which Count Tolstoy, in a recent work of his, has endeavoured to impose on our acceptance. Art, he said, is in its essence a means by which he who practises it, embodies some emotion genuinely experienced by himself, in such a way that it shall be reproduced in others; and we pointed out that though Count Tolstoy pushed his arguments to absurd extremes,

there was in his criticism much seasonable truth. But though it may be true to define Art as a means of embodying emotion felt by the artist, this definition is far from taking us to the actual root of the matter. Let it be granted that the function of Art is to embody such and such emotions; but the question still remains, what end does the practice of embodying these emotions subserve? Is it the production of pleasure, or amusement, in the spectator, the auditors, or readers of the artist's work? Or if it is not the production of pleasure or amusement, what is it? Count Tolstoy imagines that he has by his definition, got over or under the difficulties which, according to him, inhere in the ordinary theories which represent the end of Art as beauty. But he has not escaped them or removed them. He has only postponed them for a moment. For it really enlightens us very little to tell us that the end of Art is the reproduction of the artist's emotion in others, unless we know for what reason the others will desire that this emotion should be reproduced in them. Now if we answer, as it would have been answered by the old-fashioned race of critics, that the reproduction of this emotion is desired because it causes pleasure, we are implying that the emotion must be presented in some pleasure-giving form; and this brings us back again to the theory which Count Tolstoy rejects—namely that one, at all events, of the essential ends of Art is beauty. Or if, with Count Tolstoy, we persist in rejecting this theory, we must find some substitute for it which, if not identical, shall be analogous. If the true end of Art is not to please us by its beauty, it must be to instruct or to enlarge our minds, or to improve our moral character. Why else should we care for Art at all, or for the production, by its means, of the emotion of the artist in ourselves? This ultimate question Count Tolstoy leaves quite unanswered. Whether it is one of the essential ends of Art to embody beauty or no, it is essential that Art shall produce in us pleasure of some kind. This we may take for granted. Though it seems to have escaped Count Tolstoy, it is little more than a truism. But though the production of pleasure be admitted to be one of Art's necessary functions, it by no means follows that the greatness of an artistic work, or the value of Art as a factor in life generally, is to be measured merely by the amount of pleasure provided by it, any more than the value of food is to be measured by the pleasure men experience in eating it. On the contrary, the quality, the greatness, the ultimate functions, of Art, are measured by, depend on, and have reference to, elements in life which, though not opposed to artistic pleasure, are altogether beyond it.

What are these elements then? It would be easy, if we were asked the question, to reply that they are partly ethical, partly intellectual or philosophical. We should find however that, having said this, we had committed ourselves, if we wished to explain our meaning, to an analysis of what these elements were and how the ethical and intellectual elements were related to the æsthetic. An explanation of this kind would be an affair of years and volumes; and we have certainly no intention of attempting it at this moment. It is rather our object to point out to the reader that such an arduous road to the truth is superfluous altogether; and that for all practical purposes the question at issue can be answered by a much more expeditious and much simpler method of inquiry. If we want to understand the ultimate functions of Art, let us leave philosophic analysis, and be content to consider merely our own common experiences, or the experiences of our friends. Let us consider what effect Art has had on our lives and consciousness, and what we should be if it had no existence, or if we had ourselves no knowledge of it. Take the test case of imaginative literature. What—we will put the question in its broadest form—what does imaginative literature do for the lives of all of us? It pleases us, it amuses us, it occupies our spare time, it helps to keep us awake, it helps to send us to sleep. It performs for us a variety of useful services such as these. But we are speaking not of what literature does for us at the actual time which we devote to reading it; but of the effect which our knowledge of it, and our memory of it, has on our lives generally. And described in general terms this effect

is as follows. Literature affects our lives by doubling them—by adding a second world to the world we actually live in; and this second world is a world which provides us with experiences which are in some respects as real as those of the actual world, and deeper; and which have moreover the result of sending us back to the latter with enlarged powers of understanding. Literature, in fact, with its imaginary world, educates and organises our consciousness of the actual world. Its most important, its supreme function is summed up in these few words.

Let us consider how this is. The imaginary world to which literature introduces us, though in one sense less real than the actual world, is in another sense more so. Primarily, of course, it bears to the actual world, the same relations borne to it by the reflection in a looking-glass, and of both we may say, in one sense, that "the best of this kind are but shadows." But the images in the world of literary art, unlike those in the looking-glass, are not reflected only, but are transfigured in the process of reflection; and they represent not merely their originals, but their originals as examined and criticised by the human mind, and combined in new ways. The passion of love, for example, as exhibited in literature, never affects a reader so powerfully as it would, were he himself the victim. It does not keep him awake: it does not make him lose his appetite. But though it influences him less violently, it exhibits its meaning and nature to him with incomparably greater clearness, and excites feelings in him whose depth and complexity make up for their want of violence. His whole conception of the passion is enlarged; he looks at it with eyes that have been opened; and when in actual life he himself experiences it, it is a passion very different from that which, but for the influences of literature, it would have been. Let us turn from love to the feelings roused in us by external nature. It cannot be said that modern literature has produced these feelings in the world; but it has educated them; it has made them conscious of themselves; it has endowed them with the gift of speech; and speech does as much for feeling as it does for reason. And now let us pass on to something that is wider and more complex than any one feeling taken singly, whatever complexities may be involved in it. Let us pass to the influence of human beings on one another, the various combinations of action, passion and circumstance, and all the tragedies and comedies, which make up human life. Lookers-on, as we know, proverbially see most of the game. We none of us see much of the meaning, or appreciate the true character, of events and circumstances, of which we personally form a part. But literature, as a manifold reflection of human life, offers us images which are typical of every human experience, and, amongst others, of our own; and when these are presented to us, we become the lookers on our own lives. And as we look we see our own lives in new relations—in relations which would otherwise have escaped us. Our characters, our pursuits, our ambitions, the meannesses or the nobility, the purity or the sordidness of our passions—we see them all reflected for us in the typical world of literature, in such a way that they become a revelation to ourselves. We might illustrate this by an indefinite number of particular instances. We might point out, for example, how men of nearly all temperaments have learned something about themselves from a study of the character of Hamlet. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to take the world of literature as a whole—the world created by Homer, by Dante, by Cervantes, by Shakespeare, by Sir Walter Scott, by Dickens, by Goethe, by Balzac, by Dumas; and ask anyone to consider what his own life would be—his own powers of judgment, of feeling, of imagination, if all this world, created by literary art, had never existed, or if he had never had any knowledge of it? He might find it difficult to analyse what his loss would be; but his difficulty would be mainly due to the fact that his loss would comprise so many losses. He would find himself in the presence of life suddenly made more helpless than a woman would be at her toilette, if she found that her looking-glass had been taken from her. And by considering what we should lose if we lost literary art, we shall be-

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able to form some general picture for ourselves of what literary art does for us—of what is its great function in life. This function is not to give us pleasure at the moment—though that is one of its functions—but to make life as a whole a fuller and deeper thing for us, by enlarging our conception of it, by giving us a deeper insight into it, and by constantly putting before us possibilities which would else escape us, but which, guided and stimulated by Art, we may succeed more or less in realising.

And now for a moment let us turn from literary art in general, to particular examples of it; and let us see how our understanding of this supreme function of the former will assist us in estimating the latter. If the great work in the world performed by imaginative literature is to make us live fuller and more understanding lives, that individual novel, romance, play, or poem, is good or bad, is true art or is sham art, in proportion as, in addition to entertaining us for the moment, it leaves in our minds a deposit of new knowledge or of new ideas, or else some new capacities of appreciation, which will make life fuller, more significant, more beautiful, or more interesting for us than it was previously. In other words its power and its merits are to be judged not by its relation to ourselves, regarded as a piece of literature, but by the new relations which it tends to establish between ourselves and life. Art aims at beauty; Art aims at producing pleasure; but ends like these are only means to the further end. Literature is a living thing not because it exists for the sake of literature. It is a living thing because it exists for the sake of life.

SIR ANTHONY.

MODERN zeal for the conservation of pictures is an admirable thing, and its end is well served by the growth of museums and by big rallies of a master's work like that at the Academy, but the proper enjoyment of pictures is by no means so well served. To see a painter like this is to treat him more grossly than anyone would treat a cook; it is to have the same dishes duplicated and triplicated, the failure sent up to follow the success and supper spread before we rise from dinner. So much at least of the rudimentary sensual wisdom that rules our meals ought to be applied to our picture-tasting and save us from attempts to serve up all that has been done in one fell orgie. The attack an artist makes upon our spirit is in essence always the same. It varies enough, is so much sharper, richer, tenderer, vaguer in repetitions as to give these when they fall at right intervals novelty as well as force. Put them all together; the appetite is exhausted by a stroke or two; and as the hammering continues it appeals not to a host all eager for the knock and the visit, but to an irritated caretaker who falls to criticising the knocking ("Yes that was rather louder, and that again a good deal feebler"), and forgets to open the door.

The first rule for the enjoyment of a master is, No complete editions. The work before us should be shadowed by the illusion of an absent one more perfect, not cheapened by the presence of faultier essays. The disenchanting inventory of all that a poet has written should remain a secret between his printer and his merciful God; he himself should contrive to forget. Even the collector, smitten with a craze for reading every line of his idol and uniting the scattered leaves with loving pains, should be left with a hope that the best, the final masterpiece of those possibilities has escaped him. The last revision of manuscripts should be by an accident of fire.

Painters till late years have been luckier than writers, their work being less portable, but, besides the collections, photographs and process blocks are making them terribly omnipresent, defining them, finding them out. The student of the future will have no chance of coming upon masterpieces by surprise in places and at moments that heighten the event; as his babyhood ends all will be dumped upon him with a complete critical apparatus. Few of us I suppose ventured to confess last year that even so profoundly original a painter as Rembrandt suffered by having all his fits of

genius cooped up in one gallery instead of scattered about the world with breathing spaces between. We were greedy to see and compare, but that temper is not the high temper of enjoyment and it is self-defeating. Six masterpieces are more than twelve, and O how much more than twelve plus a hundred pieces that are not quite masterly!

The ordeal for Rembrandt is almost exposure for Vandyck. To harp upon his tricks like this, and to call in the copyists as well to explain them more baldly is a deadly way of paying tribute. Imagine a gracious courtly personage holding a reception. To each visitor he accords a well-chosen word, and splendidly acted and measured warmth of salute; sympathy gleams for several seconds in his eye. Each passes on with the illusion of high-bred cordiality. But imagine the same visitor, like a stage crowd, repassing fifty times, and receiving that same nicely measured glow and pressure, the same well-chosen word. . . . Vaguely hurt and offended we go round those galleries, protesting still that the man is a great master, there can be no doubt of that, *but among the great masters a professional gentleman.*

The strange luck whereby among the great masters one should be thus specialised is perhaps more credibly explained in the Mythical History of Art than in those founded on fragmentary parochial records and now so much in vogue. I venture to cite the narrative, slightly abridging its garrulity.

"The second period of power or open toleration enjoyed by the gods was waning fast. Freedom either palled upon them or asserted itself in boisterous outbreaks. Jove would sit, now fanning himself with the denuded scalp that circumstances had once imposed upon him, and fingering ambrosial locks, now replacing it with a coquettish impulse. Many of the others retained their frocks, haloes, grids or other properties from habit, forgetfulness, or a timidity in reverting to a divine, but over-ripe nudity. The business before the house (conducted by the adaptable spirit of its president in strict parliamentary fashion) was purely artistic and pursued with a certain languor. A feeling possessed the immortals that the great games had been played, all events contested, all prizes won, yet that, to pursue the image, strangers' races and consolation stakes might still be run for and reveal new talent. Ordinary applications were dealt with by Mercury at an Art Bureau where lists were kept of Good Plain Eclectics, Experienced Tenebrists and the like, but it was too manifest that Art was slipping away to become un-Olympian, a private affair. Yet from time to time larger enterprises or demands stirred a faint curiosity and engaged general attention. Hercules had pushed through a project of his own. His idea was a pure athlete, with no nonsense about him, a kind of happy Sandow. It rankled in his mind that the great athlete hitherto, Michael Angelo, was an emissary of the Titans, all angry pride and trouble. From his position on the hearthrug he broached this project to Venus, who agreed on the condition that 'a really mature ideal of beauty' should be yoked with strength. A reference for form's sake to the Smith, drowsing by the fire, brought an assenting grunt and family influence carried it through, though the traditional feeling against so much specialising was strong. Modified accordingly on the report stage this idea descended on earth as Rubens. By a polite fiction unaccountable artists were fathered on Bacchus. Thus for some days it was whispered about that after all those centuries of tactful management a *Christian* artist had appeared. But the official reports on Rembrandt represent him as a Dutch boor of low tastes and company and no significance. When Franz Hals however was mentioned Bacchus did look conscious. Then came the application for Vandyck. It came from England. Could it not be managed, was the gist of it, to create for once a safe first-rate painter for [the use of] princes, courtiers, duchesses, one compounded of all the flattering, courtier-like parts of Titian, Veronese, Rubens, but purged of all that goes beside the mark, of the tang of earth, of rough humanity, awkward curiosity, ironic observation, useless absorption, a perfect organ but sounding to the one step of courtier elegance and breeding. 'Our brother of Spain' the message ran 'hath a rare

painter, apt for warriors and the like, but women he treateth with something of disdain, making a fine map of their clothes, but the heads stiff and dolly, with no gust of fancy; his taste lieth rather with beggars and mannikins.' Private correspondence urged that here was monarchy worn thin and exquisite, too frail for rude hands to touch: no back to its head, and but a mild shelving brow, but a pleasing melancholy front, kingliness in its last abstract essence and noble doomed features. And a court besides of men outgracing women with their locks of hair and proud bird-of-paradise array, all so soon to be blown away, to be shorn and shed—give us its painter!

"Apollo, touched by this image of Olympus' own precarious state, and attracted, the professional beauty and mirror of fashion by the professional, the pedant of kingliness, backed the plea; the license given to Hercules made it difficult to refuse, and Apollo counted nine steady votes on a division: so in the end Jove signed the decree, making it out in the name of Vandyck, though he muttered 'Highly irregular, of course, highly irregular. I agree on one condition; you must knight him, Charles.' 'And all his successors,' he added in his beard."

Thus is the extra master accounted for, who brought nothing of his own but the genius to separate out and distinguish what marks the grandee, to lend the pose where it was wanting, to substitute for hands that seem to have done or pretend to be doing something that delicate ornament that hangs beside its owner for a sign. The Flemish artists of Rome with whom Vandyck refused to drink, christened him "the gentleman painter;" more beautiful and gracious himself than a prince, he knew from the first and followed his destiny. So inveterate was his ennobling instinct that it extended beyond human sitters and made the war-horse a great gentleman. The children and the dogs are least disguised; the pose is a staid little game for the first.

The religious pictures naturally are the first to crumble. To these subjects Vandyck brought no more than finished elocution, most insufferable of arts. Scenes are figured as they might gracefully be acted, never as they must terribly have been. These curly tragedies call for some tonic lines of stiffness, some feigning of self-forgetfulness, to make them effective even as operatic tableau or ballet.

The portraits of women weed out rapidly next. Vandyck hardly conceals his contempt when he has a ninny or podgy bourgeois head to paint. He throws up the dust of elegance, brings the sitter into the charmed circle of the image of the Queen, and secures a likeness with slack uninterested drawing. He dare not follow out these characters. In the case of the Queen herself the profile that remains at Windsor is the portrait that shows Vandyck's real mastery as a draughtsman, the profile painted to guide Bernini. Prettiness blunts the edge of the others. But when beauty challenges him with a spice of naughtiness, then his powers come forth. Look at that beautiful minx, Madame de Cante-Croix, how she lives, and what a superb design he has struck out for her! Another is the Countess of Carlisle at Windsor. These are among the portraits of the world.

Vandyck the *beau* painted the grace of men with more gusto than that of women. The men are therefore more generally interesting. But here too the necessity of imposing grace accounts for many a portrait whose artifice speedily reveals itself. Clearly in England his difficulties were frequent. Match his art with the breeding of a race that naturally poses and gesticulates and makes windows of its eyes, and there is no awkward junction between the painter's conception and the sitter's character. How whole-hearted and vital is the Marchese di Spinola, his whole figure and features beaming with a desire to express himself, to cut a figure. In a quieter mood the Abbé Scaglia, subtle, meditative, superb, is equally masterly. Then turn to some of the English nobles with sulky stable-boy faces whom it was his task to serve up as cavaliers. Their heads remain in a measure their own, but in a strange world, the bodies are not theirs, nor the hands, nor the air. Holbein was the painter for these; when they entered Sir Anthony's studio it was to step into a frame where the hand was already grace-

fully depending, the nonchalant swagger set and the lout's clothes alone required. In the Tsar's "Lord Wharton" Vandyck found a rarely sympathetic head, but for easy zest he turned to his painter friends, ennobling their speaking, but surely lumberer, heads with all the devices of a pompous rhetoric in gesture and drapery. Charles de Mallery is one of these, and Vandyck's drawings for them are among the chiefest treasures of his art.

Well! This article has turned on my hands towards sacrilege. It is the exhibition's fault. In a month, in a year, some ordinary Vandyck may look out again, from its own friendly walls, a miracle of royal grace.

D. S. M.

FIRST NIGHTS.

ONE of the questions with which a fussy conscience loves to pose me is whether I ought not to abjure first nights. I am always driven to admit that I ought to. And yet—such is human frailty—I don't.

The fact is, I like first nights for their own sake. Partly, no doubt, this fondness for them is due to my being a seasoned frequenter of them. If accident order that you do a thing many times, your nature, imperceptibly, adapts itself to the function. Even if the thing be not, at first and in itself, congenial to you, it will become really congenial at last. The gods gave us Habit, lest the world, that mechanical toy which they had made for their laughter, should disappoint them by stopping and heeling over with a gr-r-r very soon after it had been wound up. I do not, however, mean to imply that I ever had a distaste for first nights. On the contrary, I always regarded them as rather a "treat." But now they are more than that to me. They are an integral part of my life, a recurring pleasure to which I look keenly forward. And that, I regret to say, is one of several reasons why I ought to keep away from them. The spirit in which I go is not the right spirit for a critic. I ought to go in a mood of serious æstheticism, merely to see a play acted by mimes on a stage. As it is, my mood is freaked with a kind of festivity. I have a kind of vague sense that I am "going it." Of course, we all have more or less of this feeling whenever we go to a theatre. When we open a book, or pass the turn-stile of a picture gallery, our hearts do not leap irrelevantly. But a theatre has magic of its own. The old Puritanism still survives just enough to make us feel that we are being rather bold. Besides, was not a pantomime the most mysterious, rare, delirious joy of us when we were small children, the most brilliant occasion for "sitting-up," the least exhaustible topic for weeks after? We cannot, even now, quite rid ourselves of the idea that there is in a theatre something which makes for exhilaration. And this idea is fostered by the hour at which plays are acted. Whatever is done after dinner has an air of recreation—our senses override our thoughts, making fribbles of us. For this reason, I hope that when Mr. William Archer opens (as I trust he will, in the teeth of incivism and stupidity) his Ideal Theatre, the curtain will be rung up every morning not later than 9.30 A.M. That, I take it, is the hour when we are most receptive of serious art. Of course, the aim of drama, as of all arts, is to give pleasure; but before we can hope to raise drama to the level of other arts we must undermine, by every means in our power, the custom of regarding the theatre as a jolly place in which to digest food and sit in amity with our fellow-creatures. "Let us away with the glamour of the theatre!" is a hard saying, perhaps; but right and necessary, for all that. And never has the theatre so much glamour as on the first night of a play. Never is it so fascinating in itself. The familiar faces in the audience; the mutual bows, smiles, hand-shakes, hand-waves; the sprightliness of it all, and the frantic self-importance—these are gusts by which I, having a sociable temperament, am quickly carried off my feet. We are about to see something which has never been seen, and our anxiety to know what it will be like is eclipsed by pride in our strange privilege of being on the spot. That, in its turn, is eclipsed by the privilege of seeing and being seen by one another. In fact, it is

INSURANCE.

IN the early days of 1900 the Economic Life Assurance Society publishes its valuation returns made up to the end of 1898. There is a charming leisureliness about this kind of thing that almost deters us from mentioning that other companies will have their valuations for twelve months later ready in the course of a few days or weeks. The Economic has been steadily improving its position in recent years, and has made a great step in advance by assuming interest at 3 per cent. in valuing its liabilities, instead of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as formerly. This change has involved devoting £154,000 to reserves that might otherwise have been paid in bonuses; but there is no doubt that the permanent welfare of the Society is better served by strengthening the basis of valuation than by maintaining the rate of bonus. During the past five years the interest earned upon the funds exceeded on the average 4 per cent. per annum, a rate which is excellent in itself, and shows a contribution to surplus of more than 1 per cent. per annum of the fund. Speaking roughly this is equivalent to £16,000 a year more, as a source of profit than has latterly been the case. On the other hand the difference between the percentages of premiums reserved and expended has been reduced from over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. five years ago to about one-half per cent. at the present time. Again, speaking roughly, this means a contribution to surplus of about £11,000 per annum less than before; deducting this from the extra contribution from interest it works out that the profits should be greater by about £5,000 a year than they formerly were. This is all very satisfactory and the policy-holders will doubtless feel that they are fully compensated for the smaller bonus on the present occasion by the position of their society being stronger and the bonus prospects for the future being better.

The actual result of the valuation for the five years up to the end of 1898 was to show a total surplus of £400,583, of which £246,507 was paid to the policy-holders, £153,994 went for the strengthening of the reserves, and £82 was carried forward. The Economic being a mutual office there are no shareholders to receive any portion of the surplus. The bonuses distributed to the policy-holders were very considerably less than they received five years ago; in some cases the bonuses do not amount to half the corresponding bonus of 1893, and there does not seem any instance of the reduction being less than 25 per cent., but if the valuation had been retained on the same basis as then the bonuses would have been larger instead of smaller than before.

By increasing their reserves, even at the cost of declaring a smaller bonus, the Economic have conformed to the principles which all sound British Life offices adopt, and by which they place security far ahead of all other considerations. Among recent instances of companies adopting this course are the Eagle, which in order to make the necessary improvement in the reserves declared no bonus at all; the Edinburgh, which reduced its bonus, as also did the General; the Provident Clerks, which maintained its bonus; the Sceptre, which increased its bonus, as also did the Scottish Temperance; the Star, which declared a much smaller bonus than previously, and the Hand-in-Hand, which maintained the excellent bonuses it has been declaring for many years past, while at the same time providing reserves on the extraordinarily strong basis of only 2 per cent. interest. The falling rate of interest that has recently obtained is beyond the control of life offices, and it almost necessarily involves a reduction in bonuses if the companies are careful to set aside reserves in the present that will make their future stability and their future profits secure.

We see that the Prudential have announced that Volunteers of all ranks who are already holders of policies in either branch of the Company will not be required to pay any extra premium for active service in the South African War. If the proprietors choose to pay the extra cost involved we have nothing but praise for them, but if the extra cost of the ordinary policy-holders who are Volunteers is to fall on the other participating policy-holders, we fail to see what justification the directors have for taking the course they have

almost as difficult to see a play at a first night as to see pictures at a private view. Apart from the social element at a first night, there is also the sentimental element, still more blinding to me. I cannot help remembering how much depends, for how many people, on the success or failure of the play. I think of the over-wrought manager, and of all it means to him. I see the mimes less as figures in a play than as men and women hoping for good "notices" in the newspapers, hoping they will not "fluff," wondering whether so-and-so is "in front." I see the box in which the author's family is sitting. I never fail to recognise that box, and I find myself glancing up to it throughout the play. How awfully calm are they who sit in it! Indifference how Olympian is theirs! Yet, if one watch them closely, one will see interchanges of encouraging smiles, pressure of hands, and other tokens that they are mortal. At the fall of the curtain, they keep up a vigorous applause under the ledge of the box; they shoot glances of scorn and hatred and defiance at the Gallery if there are any "dissentient voices" there. And in every entr'acte there will be mysterious retreats to the back of the box, where, maybe, pale in the impenetrable shadow, stands he whose work I have come to criticise. What drama could he write that would match, in human poignancy and significance, the spectacle of his box? Is it wonderful that my eyes wander to his box so often? "Perhaps not," he might answer. "But it would be more fair to me if you would come and see my play on the second or third night." And I should be bound to admit the pertinence of his reply. Or perhaps I should plead that I had been exaggerating. That is a plea which I might fairly make. It is true that the author's box always fascinates and touches me, and that the social aspect of a first night is distracting, also; but, on the whole, I am able to keep my attention fairly well fixed on the play. There are more really valid objections to a first night. One of them I have already noted: few mimes can, on a first night, do justice to themselves, and, accordingly, it is unfair to judge them. Another is that a good play seems, in its first performance, better than it would seem to one in any other performance, and that a bad play seems worse. All dramatic critics would, I think, bear me out on this point. Seeing a play for the second time, they must all have often wondered why they were so very emphatic, what reason they had for all those epithets. Nor is the explanation at all remote. Excitement, as we all know, is contagious, and the public at a first night is always in a state of peculiar excitement. The most detached creature in the world cannot help being to some degree affected by it. Insensibly, the balance of his judgment is disturbed. I do not mean that loud cheers and applause will make him think the play good, or that groans will incense him against it; the effect may be, as it tends to be in my case, the exact reverse. The point is that he is infected by the audience's excitement. His nerves are strung up to an unnatural pitch, even before the curtain has risen. All his impressions are tinged with hysteria. Therefore, if I really had the interests of the drama at heart, and if I really wished to do my full duty to my readers, I should take my imaginary playwright's advice, and go on the second or third night. Nay! I should go on the second night *and* on the third. No critic is able to criticise a play rightly after seeing it but once. If he write for a daily paper he has to exhaust himself with the effort to remember every turn of the plot, in order that he may write a clear *précis*. If he write for a weekly paper, he has to be on the alert for something which will make the basis for a theory—some salient feature on which he can fasten an idea. In neither case can he derive any of that untrammelled pleasure, emotional or intellectual, which a work of art should excite in him. Therefore, I suggest, let him go in a private capacity to the second night, and as a critic to the third. From the first night let him be absent. So will he have the chance of writing something really fine and just. Will the critics, I wonder, be swayed by this counsel of perfection? Not I, for one. Few plays deserve to be seen at all; on the other hand, I grow more and more fond of first nights.

MAX.

decided upon, and we hope that other companies will not be induced to follow the example of the Prudential. For Industrial policy-holders the course is obviously right and in the interests of the shareholders on whom the cost will fall.

remedy; let the neutral suspected of offending be carried before the proper belligerent prize court and be condemned: or prove his innocence and get damages for delay.

Yours very truly,

MONTAGUE BARLOW,

Late Senior Whewell Scholar in International Law.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 King's Bench Walk, Temple, 3 Jan., 1900.

SIR,—The controversy now being carried on in your columns as to the right of searching neutral vessels, when convoyed by their own armed cruisers, is in fact a very old one and instructive in many ways. So long ago as 1653, during war between England and the United Provinces, Queen Christina of Sweden issued a declaration ordering armed convoying vessels to refuse to allow their convoy to be searched. The Dutch during the eighteenth century often put forward the same claim, when neutral, though loth to admit it when in their turn belligerent. But the important point is that England, the great maritime nation, always made good her claim to exercise the right: in 1780 an English force carried off bodily the Dutch fleet of merchantmen, and the convoying cruiser which had resisted the right of search, and deposited them in Portsmouth harbour. It was part of the policy of the Northern nations who formed the Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800 to insist on the immunity of vessels so convoyed: and treaties with this object were not infrequently concluded:—but they only serve to show what the common law, apart from treaty, was. Nor did ever the Northern nations adhere in their treaties to this policy with any consistency: Russia, Sweden and Denmark in their treaties with England in 1801 and 1802 all abandoned the position and admitted that the belligerent had the right of search in spite of the convoy, though search was not to be made unless suspicious circumstances existed, and only in the presence, if required, of a neutral naval officer. Many Continental jurists, it is true, oppose the claim to search, but by no means all: Bluntschli, for instance, enunciates a rule in accordance with the treaty between Russia and England of 1801.

England and America are the only nations with maritime experience sufficient to justify the formulation of a positive rule: Lord Stowell in the "*Maria*" laid down the law with warlike directness. Your correspondent paraphrases Justice Story's words in the "*Nereide*" somewhat obscurely: "the law," says Story, "deems the sailing under convoy, as an act *per se* inconsistent with neutrality, as a premeditated attempt to oppose, if practicable, the right of search, and therefore attributes to such preliminary act the full effect of actual resistance." This is going very far, farther than Lord Stowell would have gone: for it makes the mere presence of the convoying neutral not only presumptive proof of guilty intention to resist search but an actual offence in itself. The Admiralty manual of prize law (1888) states the English rule in accordance with Lord Stowell's judgment. The reasons for the rule at any rate in the modified English form are obvious: even if the neutral is acting *bona-fide*, his cruisers cannot possibly know what all the merchantmen convoyed contain, unless those cruisers themselves make a search, and the delay and inconvenience caused by a search are just as great whoever carries it out.

Again many neutrals are not in time of war entirely impartial, a Portuguese or French man-of-war might not perhaps by its mere presence give an English commander in the East African waters any very great confidence that the vessels it convoyed were entirely innocent. And in any case it is a great mistake, as the "*Alabama*" taught us, to make the neutral Government publicly responsible for acts of individual illegality and breaches of the law unless it is impossible in any other way to bring offenders to justice and stop the offence: here then is an ample and obvious alternative

IS ENGLAND DECADENT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Manchester, 4 Jan., 1900.

SIR,—In your last number you put the question: Is England decadent? on which, with your kind permission, I should like to give an answer. You say that Germany is making material progress, at an almost transatlantic velocity; this I think, can be explained historically. Germany after the Reformation passed through a long period of national adversity, brought about by the great changes realised by the Reformation, of which Germany had to bear the brunt; after that period of adversity, she had the good fortune to produce a number of great men, who were capable by their teachings of showing the path out of the regions of despondency to a state of brighter things. These men were Kant, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Bismarck, Wagner, Nietzsche. The greatest of them was Kant, who was their intellectual ancestor, their teacher and their master; all those men sprang from the same soil, they were animated by the same spirit, and in varying degrees have contributed to the attainment of the same ends. The spirit which animated them, briefly stated, may be said, to be of pessimism. They said that this world is bad, and if it is to be made good, it can only be made so by earnestness, thoroughness, by self-discipline, and continual training of all the faculties that are in man. They said that there is no help for man except by means he finds in himself, that he must be self-reliant, self-supporting, and that to become such, he must be strictly an egotist, selfish, looking only after himself, that sentimentalising, wasting force on anything but himself or his own family or nation is wrong. Those men then clothed the old German bones, by pessimism, with blood, iron and muscle, and infused into them the living spirit of hard, strenuous, great activity.

Now, how does the case stand in England with regard to these matters? The literature in this country is optimistic, let us take one branch the daily press. It is self-contented, self-satisfied, telling us daily, this is a good world, and the best country in it is England, having the greatest thinkers, the truest religion, the purest instincts, the best government, that the hours of labour must be continually shortened, so as to get more time for football and cricket. The Press sacrifices specially at the shrine of Saint Demos, listening to every one of his whispers, to his faintest whims, so as to help to satisfy them; Saint Demos is supposed to be all-wise, to know what is good for him, and you have only to gratify his wishes to make this globe spin round through space loaded with the sunshine of happiness, blooming with the blossoms of joy, comfort and ease. I say away with your optimism, because it is the road to decadence. It is not true that the taste of the multitude is good, or its judgment right. Look for instance at the ever-increasing amount of rubbishy snippy snappy literature which is poured out, and as regards newspapers, I find the newer the paper, the worse it is, the more demoralising it is, and as the badness increases, so rises the circulation.

The two political parties are not any better than the Press, they court the votes of the multitude, and overbid each other, in promises to increase comforts, ease and material advantages; I should like to see one party having the courage to propose in the interest of the State, and in the interests of civic duty, universal military service as well as contribution to the income-tax by every citizen who has the privilege of a vote. If we are afraid to rouse people to self-discipline, and to the stern performance of civic obligations, decadence sooner or later will meet us.

You allude to the decay of the Roman Empire; many reasons have been given for that decay; may I give

another one suggested by the concluding paragraph of your articles? That Empire attained its greatest expansion during Trajan's time, up to that time Rome could boast of an uninterrupted series of successes for three centuries, during Marcus Aurelius' time, degeneration had set in. Is it not possible to think that the soul of the great Empire got tired out by continual successes, the bow had been spanned too long, so that if Hannibal had entered Rome, and carried off the god of the Capitol, or if the Vandals had devastated Rome during the time of the Scipios, it would have gained new strength in its reverses, and survived perhaps as long as the Eastern Empire. The Romans of M. Aurelius' time were the same as the Romans of Scipio's time, but the spirits had fled, like from Tara's Halls, it was driven out by optimism, which led to decadence.

I am, &c.

W. KLUG.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

North Kensington, 3 January, 1900.

SIR,—Your article on Bank Holidays was suggestive and opportune on two grounds: it followed close on a Christmas Bank Holiday the meteorological conditions of which lent point to your observations and it practically synchronised with the conferment of new honour on the inventor of Bank Holidays. In a matter which concerns not hundreds but millions it is well not to be dogmatic, but it has for long been my view that the festival of S. Lubbock is a mistake. "Life would be tolerable if it were not for the pleasures of other people" is the form into which I should throw the saying of the philosopher you quote. That sir is I am sure not your view, but I unfortunately live in a part of London which forms a natural outlet for the holiday-making working man.

During every Bank Holiday my house becomes a sort of front seat to view a spectacle and to listen to noises which can only be likened to Pandemonium. It is a harsh thing to say no doubt, but if I had the making of the laws there would be a revocation of the Bank Holiday forthwith. You say "if the Bank Holiday is to be a real addition to happiness it must be something more than another Sunday added to the week in which it occurs." If it were the effect of the changes you propose to constitute every Bank Holiday a sort of Sunday I should plump for your scheme; the working classes on the whole spend their Sundays rationally: Bank Holidays they seem to regard as an excuse for drink, for mad frolic and for annoyance to folk who may live either on what I can only call their lines of march or in the neighbourhood of their playgrounds.

But my grumble is perhaps rather beside the mark. To abolish Bank Holidays, whatever the inconvenience they occasion, whatever the harm they do to the working classes themselves, is impossible. If then they must be endured it becomes a question how we can make the most of them for the working classes, and reduce to a minimum their drawbacks in the eyes of other people. You state a very strong case when you argue in favour of giving up the Easter Bank Holiday and substituting another for it later in the year. The more the working classes are able to spend their days off, in the open, the better—for themselves if not for other people—and having had my grumble I am quite prepared to admit that if I am to be a sufferer through Bank Holidays I may as well suffer whilst the holiday-makers get the best holiday they can as suffer when they have been driven by atmospheric conditions into places from which they will only derive harm. But I am afraid nothing can be done with Easter Bank Holiday any more than with Boxing Day. The one follows as naturally on Good Friday as the other on Christmas Day, with this difference and to many people this advantage. It secures Saturday also as a holiday and thus gives many weary ones a rest from Thursday night till Tuesday morning. I have discussed the question of Easter Monday with the working classes themselves and I find they would not care to give it

up. It is, they point out, the first holiday which promises outdoor enjoyment after the August Bank Holiday. How statistics bear on the question I do not know, but the general opinion is that the Easter and the August Bank Holidays are more availed of than Boxing Day or Whit Monday. The explanation is that whilst on Boxing Day indoors is usually found more congenial, Whit Monday is sandwiched between the Easter and the August vacations. If that is an objection which can stand it seems to me that it affords an answer to your suggestion that there should be holidays in June July and September. Much therefore as I feel I have to say against the Bank Holiday I feel equally strongly that there is nothing to do but to leave matters as they are.

I say this with the more earnestness because I fear that if you began to modify the present arrangement you would not succeed in dispensing with Easter Monday but would give us five Bank Holidays instead of four!—Yours very truly,

GRUMBLER.

SPOILING OUR SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Marlborough Villa, Kingsdown Parade,
Bristol.

SIR,—More than a possible explanation of the unsuccess of our men in the South African war is doubtless to be found in the fact that they are subjected to inoculation with anti-typhoid serum. While the highest authorities admit the protective power of the serum as unproved, its introduction into the system induces serious functional disturbance, characterised by pain and fever, and its ultimate effects on the constitution are, of course, incalculable by anyone. Nothing so impairs the mental acumen and physical celerity on which success in battle depends, as impairment of nervous vigour and serenity, conditions which must supervene for an indefinite period when the men's systems are thrown into a high state of functional disorder and irritation, and their brains dulled and poisoned with disease virus. It is too bad to place the uninformed and trustful soldiers under this cruel disadvantage in contending with a hardy and wary foe in a strange land.

Voltaire has remarked that the fate of many an empire has turned upon the good or bad digestion of its prime minister. So completely is our destiny dependent upon our bodily health.

The Government will do well to stop this risky farce.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 January, 1900.

SIR,—Your excellent "note" on Mr. Bernard Quaritch suggests the question whether such a man can have a successor in these degenerate days. Time was when a bookseller was also a book-lover and a book-lorist, and when an hour spent in his inner sanctum, with its well-filled shelves, was a step towards a liberal education. But the competition of newspapers great and small, of the cheap magazine man, and the cheap draper has altered all this, and the bookseller is too much engrossed with the business of making a living to devote much time to the insides of the books he would like to sell.

But if I wanted a really great dictionary, I should subscribe for the Oxford English one, which is being compiled by scholars for scholars, and which, when completed, will be the greatest philological work of the age, or of any age. By so doing, I should be encouraging a great national enterprise which is worthy of support on every ground, and especially on the ground that the work is largely a labour of love.

Your obedient servant,

J.

REVIEWS.

THE BRITISH SPHERE IN CHINA.

"The Yangtze Valley and Beyond." By Mrs. J. F. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). London: Murray. 1899. 215. net.

A GOOD impression was made on the public at large by Mr. Brodrick's declaration in the House, last June, that the Government were prepared to give special protection to our trade in the Yangtze Valley by arranging for the patrol by cruisers and gunboats of the Yangtze River to the furthest limits of its navigable waters. The region, which is to be treated as a special sphere of British interest, was termed "the Yangtze Basin" during the recent negotiations, which resulted in the Anglo-Russian Agreement defining the respective special spheres of railway interest. This basin is accurately defined on the map in the book of travels which is now before us, and, it will be noticed, it comprises in its eastern portion a considerably larger area than is shown on the map accompanying Lord Charles Beresford's work, "The Break-up of China." But in the political sense, as set forth in the Chinese assurance given by the Tsung-li Yamen to our Minister at Peking, the Yangtze Basin or region covers a still greater area, including, together with other provinces, not only the parts of the Chinese provinces of Honan, Chekiang, and Kiangsu lying in the geographical basin, but the entire areas of those provinces; and, from replies made to questions at various times in the House, it is evident that the Government still considers this larger area as the special sphere of British interest in China.

During her journeys in the Yangtze Region, Mrs. Bishop followed the Yangtze River down-stream from its furthest navigable limits, at Chengtu, to its mouth, a distance of over 2,000 miles; and up-stream, from Shanghai to Wan Hsien, for about 1,200 miles, thus both descending and ascending the great rapids above Ichang, which are the chief impediments to steam-navigation on the Upper Yangtze. Her upward voyage was made at the time of low water, when the reefs and cataracts were exposed to view, and her downward journey happened when the river had already risen forty-five feet above its winter level at Chungking and had nearly topped the rock which, when covered, indicates the closure of the gorges to all down-stream traffic until it reappears. She was therefore well able to give us the opinion of an intelligent observer as to the task that awaits the engineer before this portion of the river can be freed from the obstructions and dangers which render the risk of steam-navigation so great as to preclude all idea of steamers competing for carriage of goods with the native junks. At present even the small steam-launches that have managed to ascend the rapids have had to be hauled up the worst ones during the low-water season by man-power at the risk of the rope breaking and their going to utter destruction on the rocks or rocky banks below the cataracts, and at high water the current is so swift that only powerful steamers could make the ascent, and their descent at that time would lead to probable destruction owing to the narrowness of the cliff-faced gorges and the constant twistings of the channels. The difficulty and dangers of such attempts were fully discussed by the two Admiralty surveyors, Commander Stokes and Sub-Lieutenant Dawson, in their report some thirty years ago on their survey of the river between Ichang and Chungking. Mr. Brodrick has stated that our Government "regard the improvement of the gorges of the Yangtze as a question under arrangement with the Chinese Government for British engineers." But, subsequently, according to Reuter's telegram from Peking, dated 26 October:—"The Chinese authorities have declined to grant the application made by a British syndicate for a concession to remove existing obstructions from the Yangtze, with a view to improve the navigation of the river. The reason assigned for the refusal is that the obstructions constitute a valuable defence against foreign invasions, and that it is therefore inexpedient to interfere with them."

This of course is but a pretext for doing nothing. The rocks and rapids in the gorges merely separate one part of China from another, and the Alpine-bound province of Szechuan which lies on the up-stream side of the rapids is certainly less likely to suffer from foreign attack than any other part of the Chinese Empire. But China is not the only lag-behind in the matter of improvements. Szechuan, according to Mrs. Bishop's book, recent Government reports, and general reputation has of late years become a hot-bed of the anti-foreign and anti-Christian movement, which has been set going there by the agents of the seditious and anti-foreign society, known as the Ko Lao Hui. Our Minister at Peking, in his despatch of 2 August, 1898 to the Tsung-li Yamen, demanding compensation for all property destroyed in the anti-Christian riots at Shunching, and the punishment of the ringleaders and officials in fault, declares that:—"No settlement of the case can be considered satisfactory, which does not include the dismissal of the Shunching Prefect, but for whose connivance and hostility the riot would have been impossible. There is yet one step, and that probably the most important of all, which I must invite the Chinese Government to consider. The chief cause of the present trouble in Szechuan is the influence of the Board of Foreign Affairs at Chengtu. The head of this Lai, Taotai, is notoriously anti-foreign, and the last man that should be invested with authority in international matters. Her Majesty's Consul at Chungking is of opinion that the foreign board should be abolished. His opinion is shared by me."

During that year twenty thousand Christians had been driven from their houses and homes by rioters egged on by these Chinese officials, and even at the time of her land journey across the province from Wan Hsien to Chengtu Mrs. Bishop found herself constantly mobbed and insulted in the great cities, stunned and seriously injured by a large stone in one place, and the missionaries and missionary ladies were either only just out of hiding or subject to constant insult, termed "child eaters," "foreign devils," and often living in nearly abject terror amongst their threatening surroundings. Such was the state of affairs in Szechuan when in June last Mr. Brodrick promised in the House to patrol the river above the gorges if our small-draught gunboats could succeed in passing them. But promises are too oft of a piecrust nature. Three days after we had learned that, for the second time, a steam-launch had succeeded in reaching Chungking, we were told in a "Times" telegram from Shanghai, dated 29 October, that the recent unexplained countermanding of British gunboats, originally intended to proceed to Chungking, was likely to create a false impression on native minds. Our missionaries and traders are thus still without protection in Szechuan, which is the richest and most populous province of the Chinese Empire, and a very large component of the British sphere of interest.

In writing of this great province, which is famed for its fine temples, châteaux, substantial farmhouses, bridges and other architectural and engineering work, as well as for the wealth of its gentry and yeomen, Mrs. Bishop points out that the whole soil is most carefully treated by the methods which we term "garden cultivation," which, in that beneficent climate, and with the Chinese habit of preserving the refuse of the towns and villages and spreading it on the land, produces two and three and sometimes four crops within the year. With this intensive cultivation and rich soil probably no part of China supports so large a population to the acre. It is the density of the population that depresses wages to the lowest level, and the author states that the people are increasing so fast that thousands of men by unremitting toil only keep themselves and their families above starvation point. This statement of course should be considered together with the fact that at the time of her journey the price of grain over a great extent of the country had recently risen 100 per cent. owing to the destruction of the previous year's crops by excessive rainfall.

Leaving this crowded part of China, Mrs. Bishop proceeded into the sparsely inhabited fairy-land occupied by Man-tze and other aborigines of Western China who in the course of centuries have been driven into the

alpine regions stretching towards Tibet. Architecture, people, manners, customs, scenery and atmosphere were all changed as if by magic, and she declares that beyond Tsa-ku-lao, the westernmost official post of China in that direction, the grandeur and beauty exceed anything she had ever seen—Switzerland, Kashmir, and Tibet in one. Her description of this lovely country and of her adventures amongst its interesting inhabitants take up a good third of this book of over 550 pages, and we can highly recommend them and the whole work, which is profusely illustrated from photographs taken during the journey, for the perusal of our readers.

SHORT MASTERPIECES.

"Le Père Milon." By Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff. 1899. 3 *fr.* 50.

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since Flaubert took Guy de Maupassant under his wing. He found him "spirituel, lettré, charmant;" he bore him a "véritable amitié, he was worthy of his mother, Madame Gustave de Maupassant, and of his uncle, Alfred de Poittevins, old and very dear friends. They exchanged letters about the young genius, mother and maître—the first hoping and anticipating, the second soothing and encouraging; they watched him tenderly, rejoiced as his talent grew. When Guy's early efforts appeared, Flaubert brooded over them, pencil in hand. He found fault, or he predicted fame. He was delighted, or he was disappointed. He saw genius here, or he found flippancy there, and he had Guy down to the house where "Madame Bovary" was written—where "Salammbô" was first thought out—to dine and discuss, to dream and deliberate, affectionately and reverently, like master and pupil, almost as father and son. Soon, Zola joined them; and Flaubert criticised his work as he criticised Guy's. He was startled by its strength, enthusiastic over its humanity and pity. He made marks in the margin; he wrote of "this astounding Zola" to Guy, he read "L'Assommoir" in a sitting. Time made the three still closer friends; they were for ever corresponding, congratulating and sympathising. And, when "Nana" appeared, Flaubert's pencil worked wildly, shedding exclamations here, there and everywhere—marks of admiration, marks of congratulation, marks of every meaning—"Sublime!" "Enorme!" "Incomparable!" "Sans pareil! Oui! n... de D... au-dessus de tout!!!" Such appreciation encouraged, such a mind influenced and inspired: and, although Zola was fighting for his own particular creed when Flaubert died, Maupassant had already adopted his master's principles at that moment—made them his own—worked with the same exhaustive care, sought by labouring no less fiercely to perfect his style. He has written no "Madame Bovary," no "Salammbô;" much of his work is morbid and, to many, repulsive. Grim themes haunted him; but, if "Bel Ami" horrified some, his later novel, "Une Vie," enchanted and touched all by its chivalrous and pathetic tenderness. Now and then he forgets his old teaching, and gives one the impression of being a heartless cynic; but power is never lacking, style is never loose—both remained with him to the last, both stand out boldly and brilliantly in the hitherto unpublished stories we have before us, eighteen of them, all concentrated studies, each a masterpiece.

Here is a farm; dining at a table beneath the shade of a pear-tree are its proprietor, his wife, children and servants—uncouth peasants. No one speaks, all are too busy with their soup. From time to time the servant rises to fill the pitcher with cider; "pommes de terre au lard" are brought—all fall to, the picture is perfect. Suddenly, the husband turns to look at a vine that creeps up the farm like a serpent; then, after a pause, remarks, "La vigne du père bourgeoise de bonne heure c't' année. P't-être qu'a donnera." His wife turns, also, without speaking. And both gaze thoughtfully at the vine, planted on the precise place where Père Milon was shot. It was during the war, when the Prussians occupied the country. They were encamped outside Père Milon's

farm, scores of them: they killed his poultry, sacked his cellars, devoured his food. He, an avaricious peasant, astonished them by his resignation and tact. Suddenly, a Prussian was "found dead," then a second, and a third—soon these mysterious murders took place every night. No clue could be discovered, however; each morning a Prussian was picked up. But, one day Père Milon was found lying in his barn wounded, and, on being accused of the crimes, replied simply "C'est mé." Bitterly, he told his story: told the Prussians how he hated them for having robbed him of his provisions and for having killed his son, how he had sallied forth night after night disguised as an officer, how he had hidden in a ditch and shouted "Hilfe!" how he had killed the soldier who answered his call. Two had come in the night before; in the struggle he was wounded. They were dead, however—dead like the others; he had had his revenge, he was ready to die. Still, the commanding officer was touched by the old man's reference to his son, and, after a conversation with his soldiers, whispered, "Écoutez, mon vieux, il y a peut-être un moyen de vous sauver la vie, c'est de..." But the "vieux" would not hear; looking up with hatred, he spat in the officer's face, and—"En moins d'une minute, le bonhomme, toujours impassible, fut collé contre le mur et fusillé, alors qu'il envoyait des sourires à Jean, son fils aîné, à sa bru et aux deux petits, qui regardaient, éperdus."... A second picture of peasants comes soon after the death of Père Milon, still more grim. They are as brutal as Zola's characters in "La Terre," and as cruel—they torture and distract a blind man. They put grass on his plate; they pelt him with bread; they pull his hair—they shriek with glee when he strikes out. And, on fête days, the guests join in the fun. Each morning he is taken out to beg; suddenly, he disappears. Search-parties seek him; but weeks go by before he is found in a ditch, frozen, dead. Grimmiest of all is the last sketch: L'Orphelin. He has been adopted by a "vieille fille," who calls him "ma petite fleur," "mon cherubin, mon divin bijou." He, however, is moody, taciturn, glum. When he is fifteen his protector makes a will in his favour; but as time goes by her love changes to alarm. He watches her stealthily, his eyes follow her wherever she goes. And her fear grows—a fear she cannot define—grows, until she barricades her bedroom door, until she cannot sleep, until she resolves to live with a relation in the village. He watches her preparations, silently. And, on the eve of her departure for the new abode, she is murdered in a deserted lane. Her protégé is suspected, but positive proofs are wanting, and he is acquitted. He inherits the fortune; but, for some time, the neighbours avoid him. Then, all at once, his mood changes, and he grows gay, and helps the peasants, and hails everyone so happily that the village lawyer declares that "a man who speaks with such facility and who is always good-tempered cannot have a crime on his conscience." The village agrees; the "vieille fille's" protégé prospers. His friendly advances are accepted, reciprocated. "Toutes les portes s'ouvrirent pour lui. Il est maire de son commune aujourd'hui."

But, all is not grim in these powerful sketches; there are, here and there, the tenderest touches. No one understands nor sympathises with that pathetic figure, the "vieille fille," more than Maupassant; and we meet her again in the person of Tante Lison in "Par un Soir de Printemps." She lives with her sister; she adores her niece Jeanne, who is engaged to Jacques. She is meek; she is faded; she is ignored. "Quand on prononçait 'Tante Lison,' ces deux mots n'éveillaient, pour ainsi dire, aucune pensée dans l'esprit de personne. C'est comme si on avait dit: 'la cafetière,' ou 'le sucrier'! La chienne Loute possédait certainement une personnalité beaucoup plus marquée; on la câlinait sans cesse, on l'appelait; 'Ma chère Loute, ma belle Loute, ma petite Loute.' On la pleurerait infiniment plus."—Wistfully, she watches Jeanne and Jacques, from the windows when they take their walks, from corners when they sit hand in hand together. And, as she waits alone for them one night, she sobs so bitterly that her eyes are red when Jeanne and Jacques return. They do not notice her distress,

being too much engrossed with one another; and she bears up bravely until Jacques inquires tenderly if Jeanne's shoes are not damp. Then, she trembles, bursts into tears, and, on being asked, with a kiss, what has troubled her, replies: "C'est . . . c'est . . . quand il t'a demandé: 'N'as-tu pas froid à tes chers petits pieds?' . . . On ne m'a jamais, jamais dit de ces choses-là à moi . . . jamais! . . . jamais! . . ."

To notice every one of these studies would need more space than we are able to afford; and so we must be content with reviewing the chief "points" of only four. Each has a strong story, plot enough for an entire novel—Maupassant was trained by his master to be brief, and to condense. There are no repetitions, no crudities in "Père Milon"; there is tenderness as well as gloom. And, had these eighteen chapters appeared some twenty years back—when the master was still there to aid and admire his pupil—we feel convinced that they would have aroused his highest enthusiasm, made him proud, set his pencil working—as "Nana" did—here, there and everywhere: "Sublime!" "Énorme!" "Incomparable!" "Sans pareil! Oui! n . . . de D . . . au-dessus de tout!!!"

EAST AND WEST AFRICA.

"Portuguese Nyassaland." By W. Basil Worsfold. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Story of West Africa." By Mary H. Kingsley. Story of the Empire Series. London: Horace Marshall. 1899. 1s. 6d.

"The Victoria Nyanza." By Paul Kollmann. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 7s. 6d.

IT is always well to call things by their right names and Mr. Worsfold's book is plainly a prospectus. For that reason one may skip all the introductory historical réchauffé of the Queen of Sheba, Monomotapa and the rest and come to the pith. A tract of territory stretching from Lake Nyassa to the Indian Ocean some 400 miles east and west by 200 north and south, comprising in the coast-line the harbour of Pemba, has been conceded by charter to the Portuguese Nyassa Company. This company is apparently being worked almost exclusively by Englishmen; all the engineers' reports cited are signed with English names, and the notable Major Spilsbury is now commanding an expedition into the interior. Sir Harry Johnston, than whom no one speaks with more authority, has given it under his hand that the company has secured a very good bit of tropical Africa and it is well worth while to look and see what they propose to do with it. The issue is refreshingly simple in one sense; they propose to govern and to develop in a civilised way; but they are quite frankly in quest of a dividend. So was the Niger Company, whose praises Miss Kingsley has written in her excellent little book on West Africa, and government by the Niger Company was the nearest approach to Miss Kingsley's ideal—namely government by a committee of merchants who commit their interests to a person skilled in governing. But the problem which the Nyassa Company has to face is different. Sir George Goldie perceived that it was possible for a great trading association to sit down astride of a great waterway or system of waterways and develop an inflow and outflow of goods. There is no Niger in East Africa. What is there then? First of all, near the sea a rich forest belt; beyond that an agricultural country; beyond that again the highlands about Lake Nyassa where coffee and cocoa will grow as well as anywhere in the world and where Europeans can make a shift to live. Also, there is reported to be gold on the Lugenda River and its tributaries, and two coalfields, one within the neighbourhood of Pemba Bay. Now, if the company were to be merely a trading concern like the Niger it would rely only upon india-rubber, oil seeds, and a little ivory. It might perhaps without needing a large administrative staff develop a culture of vanilla and cloves on the islands off its coast. That is the old African method, and for a long time it paid well enough on the West Coast, while there were gold and slaves for a staple. Yet even so one need

only turn to Miss Kingsley's retrospect to see that every successive African company found that the outlay involved in maintaining posts and a complete trading establishment swallowed up all the profits. The Dutch and French companies were subsidised, the English were not and they went under, though the private traders held out. The modern Chartered Company plays a bigger financial game.

The Nyassa Company has existed since 1893. It was harassed at first by vexatious action from the adjoining province of Mozambique: as is the manner between contiguous administrations in Africa, for instance the Niger Company and Niger Coast Protectorate. Now, it has a freer hand, and seems likely to make the revenue balance expenditure, so long as it is content to do nothing. But it wants dividends and sends for Major Spilsbury. To meet working expenses it proposes to impose a hut tax and this it hopes will pay for a police force and magistrates to administer the whole territory; but for serious profits it proposes to sell concessions. Before you sell concessions you must of course have the police force; no one will take up a coffee plantation on Lake Nyassa unless the natives can be held in. That however is a minor affair. To make your coffee pay, you must have carriage to the sea; and that means a railroad. Four hundred and fifty miles of practicable country separate Lake Nyassa from Pemba—and on Lake Nyassa is the one and only thriving settlement of European cultivators in tropical Africa. The theory is that by striking Nyassa it is possible to tap all the traffic of the great central lake system, which is not much at present but some day may be a big thing. The projected German line to Tanganyika has a longer and more difficult course through a much poorer country and rests on an inferior harbour. If the coalfield at Pemba turns out to be what it is represented as being, Pemba will become a coaling station and railway working will be vastly simplified. If the gold deposit is as rich as the book says, once the railway gets to the Lugenda, there will be high bidding for concessions. Per contra, if the mines do not come off, the 450 miles of rail will have cost at least a million and a half to build. There is no doubt about the rubber, the timber, the grain crops, and the coffee, cocoa, and tobacco. All these things are there or can be made to grow there but will they pay for the railway? Possibly; but when Mr. Worsfold quotes the results produced by Van den Bosch in Java he omits to state one relevant fact: Van den Bosch was enabled to employ forced labour. The whole native population of Java was forced to till and to plant under orders and received payment out of the crop. Now, Holland though not a great power is considerably stronger than the Nyassa Company and has more money behind it. It is true that the natives of this part of the continent, the Yaos and others, are said to be unusually industrious, born tillers of the ground, eager for the white man's goods and white man's money. But the conditions will be less favourable than they were in Java. Moreover although the report is extremely sanguine as to the chances of health for Europeans, we are not convinced. Mr. Scott Elliot, who was not writing a prospectus, reported that in the region of the Lakes Europeans could live at 5,000 feet; and a very small part indeed if any of the Nyassa Company's land reaches that level. And the statistics from British Central Africa are by no means encouraging: an annual death rate of 10 per cent.

Still on the whole we incline to believe in the future of the company if it is honestly run—though Frenchmen and Belgians have gone wild in speculation over the Congo concessions, and this Nyassaland scheme may be an enterprise simply to beguile the investor. That the country is rich we are pretty sure; and it differs from West Africa in this that the inhabitants are, it seems, willing to work. If they are wisely handled, things may go well, and the Portuguese in Africa do at least contrive to keep things quiet. Yet one hears ugly tales of oppression from the Zambesi region and we should scarcely endure another edition of the Congo Free State so close to Blantyre which is a place of just government. Even in our own boundaries there have been things one does not care to dwell upon and this whole business of civilising as we practise it

may yet give us a very bad quarter of an hour with the devil's advocate when we go up for canonisation as Anglo-Saxons. Miss Kingsley remarks that in the worst days of the slave trade Parliament was as a body convinced that to kidnap negroes was positively a righteous action because it brought them within reach of the blessings of Christianity. Our record—the record of Europe—is cleaner on the East Coast where we have at all events broken down the tyranny of the Arab slave merchant. Yet in Uganda, and the whole region of the Victoria Nyanza, we had to deal with a population which ought to have been good material for civilisation. Herr Kollmann, late of the German Imperial troops, has described with the minute detail so characteristic of his race all these peoples, both those which are negroid and those of Hamitic stock. From his description one would have inferred that we might have been of use to them and they to us. Yet since the white man's advent the whole basin of the Victoria Nyanza has been perpetually devastated with war. Still upon the whole civilisation has more chance of justifying itself in East than in West Africa, if only because white men go there with a distinctly better chance of survival. Nyassaland is oddly enough almost the only place where we are cut off from the sea: the mouth of Zambesi is not ours, nor Delagoa Bay: but our hold over those places is daily growing stronger and if this Portuguese company which is to make another trade route to the big highway should be managed exclusively by men of our own race, there will be the less cause to grumble. As a matter of fact our people in Nyassaland have everything to gain by the existence of such a railway; it would give a far quicker outlet from the Shiré highlands than the present route down the Zambesi with its repeated transshipments. Yet goods follow the line of water rather than the shortest track. This has to be said however; if this railway were in any state of forwardness it would be a strong argument for connecting Nyassa and Tanganyika by steam communication along the Stevenson road. That is a railway which like the Pemba and Nyassa has a sound logical justification; it is not a piece of mistaken missionary propaganda like the Sierra Leone line which was indirectly the cause of so much trouble. And if East Africa is to be seriously developed it can only be by means of railways. In this it resembles the West African hinterlands all of which are practically new to European commerce: it does not appear to have that dense creek-haunting population along the coastline which is so characteristic of the Bights. Practically we suspect the problem will turn on the supply of native labour. The gold mines on the Gold Coast, which is unquestionably rich in gold, have never been worked since slavery was abolished: and there is probably a relation of cause and effect. Failing the mines or in supplement to them there is tillage and culture which fall within the existing habits; labour seems procurable easily enough in British Nyassaland. But we are very sure that in Portuguese territory there will be either oppression or a great slackness of work; unless indeed the whole personnel of the administration be British.

But whoever administers Africa, whether English or Portuguese, will administer it ill unless the ways of the natives be carefully and sympathetically studied. Miss Kingsley makes a strong plea for the recognition of anthropology as an aid to the science of government; and it is worth noting that Herr Kollmann writes under the guidance of a Berlin ethnologist. His book contains indeed very little except details of the physical existence of the races whom he has studied; his admirable illustrations enable one to realise precisely the degree of material civilisation attained in their dwellings implements and the like; and his studies in their dialect and the resulting vocabularies are a key to further investigation. It is greatly to be desired that our officials should be encouraged to study and record in the same painstaking spirit the laws and customs of those among whom they live; for there is nothing more injurious to our prospects of success than to underrate the social and moral development of those whom we try to govern. Because a people uses ordeal by poison, it does not follow that it has no conception of justice.

PROPERTIUS NATURALISED.

"The Cynthia of Propertius." Being the first book of his Elegies. Done into English verse by Seymour Greig Tremeneheere. London: Macmillan. 1899. 4s. net.

WE do not know whether Mr. Tremeneheere is absolutely the first to hit upon the happy idea of translating Propertius into lively octosyllabics instead of the old rhetorical heroic couplet. In the last century it was oddly believed that the true equivalent of elegiacs was the quatrain of "Annus Mirabilis," a metre so intolerably languid that, in spite of all that was written in it before and after Gray, it hardly survives for us except in the "Elegy" of Gray himself. Conington made an experiment a little analogous to that before us when he put the *Æneid* into the metre of "Marmion," but, though he gained the rapidity of movement at which he aimed, the chivalric associations of the metre were too disenchantingly incongruous. Against Swiftian couplets no such objection is to be made, and we suppose that translators have been deterred from using them by the fact that, as we are reminded by Mr. Tremeneheere, "into their sixteen syllables has to be packed the sense which in the Latin occupies some twenty-eight." Nevertheless, and although in only two places is the Propertian couplet here expanded into four lines, we cordially allow Mr. Tremeneheere's claim that he seldom omits any part of the sense, and, as for his gains in the way of briskness and readability, they are immense.

"You've colour yet, your blood's lukewarm,
Your fever's still in latent form.
Ere long a tigress you would track
Or gladlier roll Ixion's rack,
Than, pricked by Cupid through and through,
A froward damsel's bidding do."

Set against this a version published in 1870 which we happen to have at hand as we write:—

"Then with fierce tigers would'st thou rather go,
Or tempt the tortures of the wheel below,
Than feel the love-shaft rankling in thy bones,
Or quail before the fair one's angry tones."

"Armenias cupies accedere tigris" is here almost mistranslated, and, in any case, a little of this stilted verse goes a very long way, whereas Mr. Tremeneheere's natural utterances—

"To view the seat of Grecian lore
And Asia's rich old towns explore
Would cost too dear, if Cynthia rail
And scratch my face before I sail"—

are not only wonderfully close and accurate renderings of Propertius, whose Latin, by the way, is throughout printed opposite to the English, but are also as easy to read as Prior. This unpedantic versification—strange how great a difference the little "pes surreptus" makes—while admirably suitable to the poet's lighter moods, might, likely enough, be found too flippant for the lips of Paullus' Cornelia; but, after all, the field of choice is wide and we should like to see Mr. Tremeneheere try his hand at some of Ovid. He is no doubt right in thinking that the cadences of Propertius, whose delight in his own metre and love for beautifully sounding words such as "æquoribus" are always so charmingly in evidence, cannot be transferred to English; and in this respect, Ovid has less to lose. Propertius generally goes far to persuade a reader that Ovid did very much the same harm to the pentameter that Pope did to the couplet. However that may be, it is pleasant to observe that these graceful and fascinating recreations of scholarship are lasting out the century.

THROUGH HISTORY BY EXPRESS.

"England in the Nineteenth Century." By C. W. Oman. London: Arnold. 1899. 3s. 6d.

TO compress into some 250 small pages the whole history of England during the present century is a task that might have appalled an historian less bold and less versatile than Mr. Oman. But Mr. Oman has done

it, and done it, perhaps, as well as it could be done. He has omitted nothing of importance, or, indeed, it might almost be said, of unimportance, for he has found space to chronicle facts so small as the addiction of Lord Rosebery to the Turf. That, under the conditions, he has produced a chronology rather than a history, goes without saying; he has had no space for explanation and analysis, nor for excursions, however brief, into the hinterland of events. But chronology may be more or less dull, and Mr. Oman's is as little dull as may be, by virtue, in part, of a certain vigour of style, not too proud, on occasion, to descend to the level of slang. "When Napoleon had got them on the run," "Gladstone was likely to prove more squeezeable than Lord Salisbury"—there is a genial journalistic audacity about such phrases as these which is almost winning. And not less bold, nor less removed from the traditional reserve of the historian, is Mr. Oman's frank revelation of his personal bias. But who, after all, could be an impartial spectator of the events of his own century? Mr. Oman has done well not to try, or not to try too hard. His slap-dash indiscretions are rather attractive than otherwise, though we confess to a certain sensitive shrinking when Byron and Shelley are summarily dismissed the one as "morbid and satanic," the other as "hysterical and anarchic." But these are but the briefest episodes in our author's wild career; we have hardly time to note them as he whirls us recklessly along, rollicking, as it were, through the century in a spirit of bluff contented philistinism, and inevitably, in the circumstances, at express train speed. The stations fly past in bewildering flashes: Trafalgar, Waterloo, Peterloo, Balaclava, Khartoum, Majuba Hill—scarcely have we read their names when they are gone. The country melts behind us like a dream—heights of aristocracy dropping swiftly down to democratic levels, corn lands giving place to factory chimneys, oceans bridged, deserts peopled, din, confusion, agglomerations of cities and men accumulating upon us, till suddenly we are pulled up with a shock in front of a blank wall, and informed that we have reached the terminus—1900.

We are a little shaken, it must be admitted; but there is one advantage in travelling fast—it facilitates generalisation. And they who accompany Mr. Oman on his express tour will probably be the richer by certain vivid impressions. They will realise, for one thing, the extraordinary rapidity and smoothness of the transition from aristocracy to democracy in this country. Elsewhere there has been shock and revolution; here the change has been almost unperceived; and only a backward look to the beginning of the century enables us to realise its magnitude. A distinguished French historian who has covered, at a more leisurely pace, the same ground traversed by Mr. Oman, sees in English society, as it now is, a more or less chaotic juxtaposition of irreconcilable elements. The flood of democracy has swept over the land; but above the waters still emerge the débris of an earlier world—here a feudal castle, there a cathedral, there the throne. The metaphor is striking; but an Englishman may be allowed to question its significance. The throne and the aristocracy, no doubt, ought, by all the cant of evolution, to be mere survivals. But are they? Or has the past only taken fresh root in the present? Is a new lustre dawning on the crown as the symbol of a democratic empire? Are our nobles assuming a new post at the head of democratic parties? In England, alone of European countries, the old governing class has directed, or allowed itself to seem to direct, the popular revolution; and in England alone, for that reason, it still holds its own. Moreover, it has handed on to democracy an invaluable legacy in the tradition of free and gratuitous public service; with the result that in this country, and perhaps nowhere else in Europe, Parliamentary government, on an extended franchise, has been found to be compatible with a strong executive and a pure administration.

The other vivid impression left on the mind by Mr. Oman's book is of what we have now learnt to call the Expansion of England. Only in the last ten years or so has it begun to dawn upon us that there is a British Empire; and the new consciousness, for good or for evil, is likely to be the dominant factor in the

history of the next century. We English are said to be a grasping people; but certainly we have not consciously grasped at empire. It would be truer to say that we have done all we could to avoid it, at any rate during the greater part of the present century. We expected our colonies to drop off—some even hoped for it. But the colonies have refused to drop; the freer we have made them the closer they have clung; and suddenly, with a shock of surprise, we have all come to realise together that the British Empire is a big thing, and that we have to try to live up to it. Whether we shall manage to do so, in a spirit far other than that of Jingoism, is the greatest problem now pressing upon us. Its solution lies on the other side of that blank wall that shuts up the station 1900. What kind of a journey, one wonders, will some historian of the future take between 1900 and 2000?

INDIAN ECONOMICS.

"Essays on Indian Economics." By M. G. Ranade, Judge of the High Court, Bombay. Bombay: Thacker and Co. 1899.

IN these Essays Mr. Justice Ranade enters a field hitherto much neglected by Indian writers. The avowed motive of his work is to protest against the rigid application of economic dogmas to every condition of every society, as if they were general and absolute truths like the laws of physics or astronomy. In particular he protests against the adoption of theoretical and speculative principles, deduced from the environments of Western civilisation, as a safe guide for communities like those of India which have scarcely emerged from the patriarchal stage. The idea is not new. Modern economists have long since recognised the practical limitations of the theories and principles postulated by the earlier writers. Nevertheless there would be value and interest in a survey of the modifications which suggest themselves for India to an educated thinker whose birth and training would be a guarantee of freedom from the unconscious prepossessions which must influence a European and who could therefore view the situation from a purely oriental standpoint. The preface assures us that we have in this volume "the most matured thoughts of modern India on those large economical questions which call for immediate solution." This may be so but anyone who hopes to find in it an impartial investigation of economic problems conducted in a philosophical spirit will put down the book with disappointment.

Mr. Ranade though professedly dealing with economics is perpetually influenced by political considerations which colour his views of history and betray him into conclusions which must discredit him as an economist. It would almost seem that his object throughout is to show that the British administration has, sometimes by deliberate policy sometimes by mere ineptitude, kept back the development of India, retarded her industrial expansion and failed to improve even her agricultural resources. Following the favourite device of a certain school, these alleged evils of foreign domination are emphasised by allusions to the visionary blessings of native rule and the superior prosperity which the self-governing colonies have secured for themselves. The spirit in which Mr. Ranade approaches the subject and his qualifications for it are illustrated by his views on railways. He finds in this "foreign monopoly" an instrument of the British Government for destroying indigenous industries and increasing the dependence of the people on agriculture alone while English manufacturers are provided with a market for their wares. In a later chapter when an examination of the commercial statistics indicates an unmistakable increase in the manufacturing industries of the country, fostered if not created by those very railways and the consequent development of indigenous coal supplies, Mr. Ranade commits himself to the astounding statement that this change "has been brought about silently and surely by the efforts of the Indian people," "assisted," he is pleased to add, "to a large extent by the influx of British capital and enterprise." A chapter is devoted to the story of Netherlands India

and the Culture System; not in order to illustrate the greater freedom and security enjoyed by the Indian cultivator but to find a reproach against the British Government for not imposing on the writer's countrymen that iniquitous system of forced labour and State monopoly which enriched Dutch adventurers and filled the Government treasuries till its abuses became insupportable. Forgetting his own premisses he finds in Prussian land legislation a model which the British, if inspired by wisdom and benevolence, would adopt for the totally different conditions which exist in Bengal. Even the emancipation of serfs in Russia is a text or a pretext for preaching to the English rulers of India the glory of imitating Russian statesmanship. There is nothing more extraordinary in this book coming from a native of the country than the ignorance it displays of the true conditions of the land problem and the manifold complications which surround it. In the early days of their rule the English administrators were undoubtedly led astray by applying exotic principles and ideas to the unfamiliar conceptions of ownership prevailing in India. The mistake has been recognised and Government is at this moment legislating to retrieve its error and to maintain the old landowning classes in possession of their land. At this juncture the most matured thinker of modern India is found in the camp of the high and dry economists, demanding obedience to an abstract law of their science by which the land should properly pass into the hands of money-lenders and Brahmans. Scarcely less strange are Mr. Ranade's views on the functions of an English Government. One main point of his treatise is to enjoin on the ruling power the necessity of doing for the people what they cannot do for themselves. Government is accordingly to undertake the banking of the rural population. It is to control the agriculture and to create and administer various manufacturing industries till each becomes a paying business. But when it comes to local government, the magisterial and police functions are to be handed over to the "natural leaders" because these are the "distinctive features of sovereign authority" while the Government officials are to occupy themselves with conservancy and road-making because these duties belong to the sphere of private effort. Mr. Ranade's view of the real duty of the honorary magistrates, whom he desires to invest with sovereign authority, may be gathered from his complaint that they are too few and consequently "cannot make head against the officials."

If these are the lessons by which the youth of British India is informed, there is much risk that they may produce neither sound economists nor good citizens. The persistent disparagement of the measures of Government and of its officials which characterises these essays is not the less mischievous because it comes insidiously under cover of advocating economic reforms and proceeds from one of Her Majesty's judges. After all what is to be expected from an economist who finds his "highest" non-official authorities in Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and Mr. Hyndman?

CAPTAIN GRONOW.

"The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow." Being Anecdotes of the Camp, Court, Clubs, and Society, 1810-1860. With Portrait and Thirty-two Illustrations from contemporary sources. By Joseph Grego. Two vols. London: Nimmo. 1900. 12s. net.

THE anecdotes of Captain Gronow are so familiar to all students of social life in England during the first half of the century that we need only recommend everyone who has not made acquaintance with them to repair his omission on the first opportunity. The new edition, with Grego's well-known illustrations, appears to be simply a reproduction of the one that appeared in 1888, and was itself a collected re-issue of the four separate volumes which the broken-down dandy produced in his declining years—in 1861, 1863, 1865, and 1866. "I have lived long enough," he wrote in the fourth series, "to have lost all my dearest and best friends. The great laws of humanity have left me on a

high and dry elevation, from which I am doomed to look over a sort of Necropolis, whence it is my delight to call forth choice spirits of the past." The index added to these volumes is, practically, a list of the statesmen and soldiers, the beaux and beauties, the sharps and adventuresses of the period. There are tales about all of them, absolutely frank and generally authentic. Some, of course, were old when Captain Gronow printed them, and most are well known nowadays, since his notes and memories have long been public property, and always freely drawn upon by second-hand humorists. But it may fairly be said that of the many famous or notorious persons who cross these pages none is more interesting, none more typical of the period, than the man who wrote them. He began life with every advantage and, in spite of adverse fortune, seems to have enjoyed it—or supported it cheerfully—to the very end. Born of an ancient Welsh family, educated at Eton, presented with a commission in the Grenadier Guards, the friend and favourite of men of rank and fashion, it was a long time before he came to the grief which always overwhelms the earthenware pot that tries to swim along with brazen vessels. Nothing ever embarrassed him except want of ready money, and, without becoming either a sycophant or sponge, he contrived, for the greater part of his butterfly career, to live with the best people in London and feed on the fat of the land. Yet he did almost everything that should have brought him to speedy ruin.

Captain Gronow was a famous buck in the days when a man's dress was more costly than a woman's: he gambled in all the smart "hells" of the time: he fought elections against candidates with long purses so zealously that he was afterwards unseated for bribery and corruption; he married a lady belonging to the Paris Opera; and though his private fortune was small he never earned any money except his pay as an officer in the army and such as he picked up at cards or wagering. Though he was known to be the second best pistol-shot in England and was engaged in many affairs of honour, he was no bully or braggart, and though in youth his time was chiefly spent among the rakes and fribbles surrounding the Prince Regent he was a keen soldier who took his share of the fighting at Waterloo. Nor was he a mere brainless dandy. His acute little mind had a corner for literature, and he repeats some good stories of Shelley (whom he knew at Eton) and Byron (whose character he disliked). He is, we believe, the classical authority for the fight between Shelley and Sir Thomas Styles. The poet had the advantage in inches, the baronet in science. Shelley began with an Homeric defiance in the original Greek, but Styles went to work like a practical artist, and "delivered a heavy slogger on Shelley's bread-basket." This so "electrified the bard" that he fairly took to his heels and found asylum in his tutor's house. The reason why Gronow did not admire Byron was that he was "all show-off and affectation." He pretended that his reason for disliking to see women eat was that he wished to believe in their ethereal nature. His real motive was that they were helped first at dinner, and got all the wings of the chickens! "Byron could never write a poem or a drama without making himself its hero, and he was always the subject of his own conversation." His love of *pose* was especially irritating to a sharp conventional little person like Gronow, of whom his friend Villemeussant wrote discerningly that "he was very 'good form,' had a great respect for everything that was proper and convenient, and a strong propensity to become eccentric"—but always without making a fuss over it. "He committed the greatest follies without in the least disturbing the points of his shirt collar."

How well we know the type, and what good service they do their country in time of danger! But in long periods of peace their chief pride seems to be in "going to the devil" like gentlemen. Byron in his noblest moods was never quite a gentleman—according to the English convention; and this accounts for the grudging manner in which men have always accorded the admiration that they cannot refuse. But a frivolous little man-about-town like Gronow, possessing just that quality which the other lacked, was welcomed wherever he chose to show himself, and amongst women of the highest rank

enjoyed a success at least equal to that attained by a peer whose personal beauty was only less remarkable than his genius. "This little man, with his hair well arranged, scented, cold, and phlegmatic, knew the best people in Paris, visited all the diplomats, and was evidently intimate with everybody in Europe." And this was when he had come down in the world, and his creditors had made it impossible for him to live in London. But he was equally at home in the French capital, which he had first entered with the Allies in 1815, and where he was afterwards present on 2 December, 1852. But he was always a favourite, always an oracle, as he sat in the "Petit Cercle" and delivered himself of his reminiscences—with his gold-headed cane pressed to his mouth. It was a strange life—calmly selfish and stolidly futile. The best commentary, perhaps, is an extract from the obituary notice in "The Morning Post." "He has left his wife (a second wife) and four children totally unprovided for, and his friends in Paris are trying to get up a subscription for their benefit."

MORE VERSE.

"Imperia." By Hugh Farrie. Liverpool: Young. 1899.

MR. FARRIE'S "prolusions," as he elects to call his verses, are weak but comparatively inoffensive. He is least pardonable when he affects epigram and simpers in expectation of applause which can never come. We imagine that he knows more about wine than about women, though he would like to be deemed an authority on both.

"Poems and Paragraphs." By Henry Aveling. London: Digby, Long. 1899. 5s. net.

This is, without exception, the most absurd book we have seen for a long time. Mr. Aveling would seem to have cherished aspirations toward minor journalism and now publishes his rejected efforts at his own expense. The "paragraphs" we should think had been refused by the "snippet" journals, thereby proving the possibility of a lower depth. Here is a specimen:

"QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q. What sort of table should be set before a hungry man?

A. A chronological table, on account of its dates."

Again:

"EMBELLISHMENT.

Schoolmasters seldom fail in business. If an 'Academy' does not pay, it is advertised for sale and called a 'Scholastic Transfer.' Why not?

The "poems" include "Competitive Pieces invited by the Serial 'Society'"—such as "sixteen lines of verse in words of one syllable only," "four verses on 'Baby,' " acrostics, bouts-rimés, &c. This is the style of thing:—

"Baby is kicking, baby is roaring,
While weary Mama helps his tumult by snoring.
Baby, you darling, you've woke me again!
And did 'em feel hungry? And where was his pain?"

There are certainly some disadvantages in the existence of a cheap press.

"The Open Road: a Little Book for Wayfarers." Compiled by E. V. Lucas. London: Grant Richards. 1899.

Most people prefer to make their own commonplace books, but they who are too lazy or too ignorant to do so may enjoy Mr. Lucas' heterogeneous compilation, which ranges from Byron and Shakespeare down to Wordsworth and William Watson. The little book, we are told, "aims at nothing but providing companionship on the road for city-dwellers who make holiday," and is intended "to urge folk into the open air, and, once there, to keep them glad they came—to slip easily from the pocket beneath a tree or among the heather, and provide lazy reading for the time of rest." This modest ambition deserves all our good wishes.

"The Hymn of Bardaisan." Rendered into English by F. Crawford Burkitt. London: Arnold. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.

The Hymn of Bardaisan might well have been left in the obscurity of the Codex of the Acts of Judas Thomas for all the philosophy, melody or interest, which this ancient Gnostic allegory can afford. Mr. Burkitt is a patient, we had almost said a pedantic scholar, and we can conceive many more profitable outlets for his zeal. He is proud of the freedom of his translation, which has few other merits. To end one line with "Greet—" and begin the next with "-Ing" is a large license, and the Latinity of his English seems to reflect the original Syriac less pleasantly than Elizabethan language would have done. Great stress is evidently laid upon the printing—even the names of the composers are specified—and daintiness as well as legibility has been secured. But the disproportionate price only serves to emphasise the insignificance of the pamphlet, which shall hardly secure even the modest popularity to which it aspires.

"Merris and other Poems." By Horace Deluscar. London: Gay and Bird. 1899.

Mr. Deluscar is evidently no believer in the good old axiom: "De mortuis—." A large part of his stout tome is made up of epitaphs, whose rudeness is not redeemed by a particle of wit. Thus:

"Here lies (he always did) Joe V—,
He tries (I bet) to kid all souls."

Ruder:

"Here lies the soul of Doctor J—,
Whose grave all good men spit and dance on—
I said the soul, I meant it too,
His paunch was all the soul he knew!
Ask me not where his spirit's gone,
You know full well that pigs have none

And ruder still:

"Here weevil —s' carcass lies
For whom no human being cries,
The bug-like thing that was his soul
Is crawling through the dung of Hell!"

Mr. Deluscar seems to take himself seriously, if we may judge by his preface. He tells us therein that "the grandest music is ever that wherein the discords are as frequent as in life itself." That is probably his justification for such a discordant rhyme as Hebes—Thebes. The interesting information is also afforded us that "Horace Deluscar is, for justifiable reasons" (most justifiable indeed), "an assumed name. The author is Glasgow born, Berwickshire bred, and of Midlothian and Fife extraction." We may quote to him from his own verses and say, to sum up:

"Your verses fret my feelings raw
Like rasping of a rusty saw,
Or ritting of a hard slate pencil,
Or gritting of a house utensil.—
God help the fools who urge *thy* crowning,
Who wiser folk would help in drowning."

Pray, what is "ritting"?

NOVELS.

"Daniel Whyte." By A. J. Dawson. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

In the first and larger part of "Daniel Whyte" Mr. Dawson has achieved a vivid and serious epic of boyhood. The varied occupations which in turn hold his growing hero hold also an absorbed and respectful reader. Daniel's shifting ideals are closely felt, and so presented that we see each one as all-sufficient for the moment. And the procession of the many scenes, each engrossing in itself, through which the hero ages, leaves us with the right impression that he is at once a free agent and in the hands of fate. If we note a fault, we do so because "Daniel Whyte" is the work of a considerable artist. There is a school of authors who have raised disapproval from its place as disapproval into a method of presentation. They began, one imagines, the career of letters by contributing to the

"National Observer" a eulogy of Velasquez couched in terms depreciatory of the Head Masters' Conference. Entering the field of fiction with a crisp style they proceed successfully to give their readers "a smack of the sea and the earth's far ends," but also and always a smack in the face. Daniel Whyte can scarce stir but Mr. Dawson mutters "you see he is not one of your city-bred, or latter-day, or neo-hedonic decadents." He drags us upon the everlasting hills to give us one slap for our Methodism and another for being neurotic; we sit in the silence of God's limitless desert to hear a sermon against complacent ranting; the trade winds hiss to us of our wordy philosophaster, our pseudo-pessimism, our self-righteous intolerance, our social purity fanaticism. We suffocate, and our backs are sore with stripes which we cannot even call unmerited, because the long words in the charge-sheet are so difficult to understand. This note of disapproval sounds always like the novelist's acknowledgment that his power of presentation is incomplete, and in the end it gives a curiously unreal effect, for it makes of the world, what of all things the world is not, a narrow place. Of the latter and shorter portion of "Daniel Whyte" we do not speak because its depressing failure is quite unindividual, it differs in no vital way from the many other explanatory and unpicturesque studies (all intelligence and no eyes) in which the hero becomes a novelist, is given an unsympathetic wife—to the heralding clash of Browning's analytical muse—and then further smothered by the ideally sympathetic woman friend.

"They that Walk in Darkness." Ghetto Tragedies. By I. Zangwill. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

"The Lion and the Unicorn." By Richard Harding Davis. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

"Via Crucis." A Romance of the Second Crusade. By Francis Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

"The King's Deputy." By H. A. Hinkson. London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1899. 6s.

The effect of Mr. Zangwill's work is to produce in us at once a respect for its author's heart and a sympathetic admiration for the subject which moves him so piously, and this effect is rare enough, and welcome enough, to make the reader look round with some concern upon a work that is yet so little satisfying. Something indispensable is wanting, and we should be inclined to say that Mr. Zangwill lacked a crusade to preach. For he strikes us less as an artist, whose equipment is wanting in any attainable or describable way, than as a preacher, whose splendid text rouses without yielding him any definite purpose to which he would persuade his audience. Mr. Zangwill does not instinctively go the way of a man who sees in the life he knows a story to tell. He goes the way of one who puts a case with fervour, an exaggerated case—and one asks to what purpose, for the absence of a definite lesson does not turn a sermon, a sympathetic enlargement of a text, into a work of art. There are strengths and weaknesses in Jewry, ideals, devoutness, unselfishness, disloyalty, confusions; but Mr. Zangwill is not capable of exhibiting these qualities by drawing individuals in ordinary circumstances, as, for instance, Amy Levy does in "Reuben Sachs." He cares perhaps too much about the qualities with which he sympathises, and sees too seldom those actual appearances which life commonly wears, appearances which the artist in fiction feels to be more beautiful than all else, because they are at once an under statement and the very fullest expression of all that he feels about life. Mr. Zangwill is inclined to obscure and dehumanise his characters by making their circumstances so remote and peculiar that they would be melodramatic or a caricature, were it not that he inspires us with respect, and we know that he means neither. His devoted sympathy with his subject, his exalted enthusiasm for what he finds of steadfast and believing in Jewry, his tenderness for what he sees of troubled or incomplete—this very piety of his, which so attracts us to him, yet seldom appears like the sympathy of an artist; it is the sympathy of a man who would lead a crusade, were there one to be found.

Of Mr. Davis' title-story and its sentimentality there

is little to be said, except that it would have been heavier had it been an English product. The lightness, such as it is, can hardly be construed into a virtue, since it is but a vain sort of optimism, a not very gay or spontaneous avoidance of things that matter. In "The Man with One Talent," however, the author gives us for a moment the conception of a politician hemmed in and gripped by a ring of capitalists.

"Via Crucis" is an uninteresting book by a practised hand. The author's experience reveals itself in no grasp of life, for the work is empty, nor in any skillfulness, but in a certain assurance with which his pen journeys on from page to page. This assurance, furthermore, being used in no fine cause, appears no better than complacency, and the chief characteristic of the author's complacent achievement is its sententiousness. Further than this no analysis of the book can take us, for try how we will to penetrate, we come upon nothing beyond the sententious spirit which pervades its emptiness. And it is a very different thing from the pompousness of inexperience, the priggishness of youth, since in nine cases out of ten they cover something which rewards patience, and in the tenth case they are entertaining.

Mr. Hinkson has put so many duels into "The King's Deputy" that he has no room left for anything else. His duels are rather pleasing than not; still they hardly suggest any substantial ground for regretting his omissions.

"An Adventuress." By L. T. Meade. London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"In Connection with the de Willoughby Claim." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London: Warne. 1899. 6s.

"The Undoing of John Brewster." By Lady Mabel Howard. London: Longmans. 1899. 6s.

"L. T. Meade's" ideal adventuress is not a serious danger to the community, in that she depends for success on a series of coincidences striking enough to make an adventuress out of the wife of an Archbishop. She is false and fair and cajoles her own maid into admiration for her as well as the amiable family she has deceived as to her identity and robbed of their "rights." But before she could rob them she had to engage herself as companion to an heiress precisely like herself in appearance and bearing the same christian name, who had been parted from all her relatives since her childhood. Given these circumstances, anyone would have felt that the obvious next step was to bury the heiress, erect a handsome stone over her and hasten to personate her. The adventuress does all this and more. But as she rounds off her efforts by throwing up the game at a critical moment and subsiding into partial insanity, the moral is saved, and young persons in search of sensation are fairly warned what will happen if they go and do likewise.

In some ways Mrs. Burnett's new book is the most important she has written. At least two plots are involved in it, both needing careful working-out, the relationship to each other of the two sets of people saving the artistic shape of the story. There is a slightly overstrained note of sentiment occasionally in the male characters' remarks at critical moments, when the average man would find himself rather at a loss for words. For example, take Tom, on page 49. "I never betrayed a woman yet, or did her a wrong." Sometimes they drop into bathos. "Are you going to kill me? You know I asked you that once before?" But, on the whole, the book shows sustained power and interest. The people absorb our attention. We want to know what happens to them. The minister's secret sin irritated us a little. It seems incredible that his intimate friend should suspect nothing after hints that betray him to the reader over and over again. It is like the stage convention of loud "asides." It was a relief when the seduction story came out and the victim's brother rather unnecessarily killed himself just as the minister was going to give a lecture. Perhaps the motive for the "rash act" was a peculiarly delicate revengefulness in the time chosen. It was needful that the heroine should have a father somewhere. But he is, to us, the only unreal figure in a vivid, thoughtful, extremely readable book.

The direct simplicity of Lady Mabel Howard's novel appeals to us. Sometimes it reminds us of a Sunday school tale, read in our youth, and then again we are reminded that sometimes life-long tragedies do unfold themselves in this simple, quiet fashion. There is no depth in any of the characters. This author is engaged in telling her tale, and does not dally by the way to analyse or reflect upon situations or characters. We welcome the beautiful proselytising but elusive Carmella as an old but unsatisfactory friend.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Augustan Ages." By Oliver Elton. London: Blackwood. 1899. 5s. net.

The object of this book is to take a comprehensive survey and to give a succinct review of European literature during that period which is with reference to ourselves and to the French commonly denominated "Augustan." It is the period which in French may be said to have been initiated by Malherbe and his circle and to have culminated in Boileau, and in English to have been initiated by Dryden and his predecessors Waller and Denham and to have culminated in Pope and his school. By far the greater portion of Professor Elton's book deals with France and England, but his survey extends also to Italy, to Spain and Portugal, to Germany, to Scandinavia, to Denmark, to Norway. It is painfully apparent that Professor Elton ceases to tread with a firm foot when he leaves England and France though he appears to have some acquaintance with German Italian and Spanish. His survey of these last literatures is so superficial and cursory—possibly in consequence of the requirements of space—that he would have done well to omit them. Certainly no end can be served by such a treatment of them as is here given. But there is a more serious defect than this. Professor Elton appears too often to have no grasp of his subject. We will take the section on German literature as an example of what we mean. What analogy there is between the literature of "Augustan ages" of England and France and that of Germany about the same time is surely seen in the influence exercised by Opitz and his school in other words in the appearance of the first Silesian school, in the clash of that school with the second Silesian school led by Hoffmannswalden and Lohenstein, in the appearance of Canitz Günther and Brockes in the appearance of Gottsched in the substitution of English models for French by Bodmer and J. J. Breitinger in the work of Hagedorn and Haller in the appearance of those whose canons and principles found expression in the "Bremische Beiträge," such as Gellert the fabulist, Rabener and T. E. and J. A. Schlegel, in the rise of the school at Haller under Gleim and Ramler. All this should have been developed, but many of these writers are barely referred to, some are absolutely ignored and no attempt is made to estimate their relative importance. Professor Elton has done well to point out the services of Thomasius in forming German taste, but as he is dealing with belles lettres he would have done well to give less space to P. Leibniz and Grimms-hausen and very much more space to the poets and critics referred to. It is in definition and generalisation—two indispensable attributes in a work of this kind if it is to be really useful that Professor Elton fails; we see too much of the compiler and too little of the critic. He ought surely to have begun his monograph by explaining the meaning of "Augustan" in its application to a literary epoch and to have enumerated and explained the leading and essential characteristics common to literatures comprehended under that term. But making all allowances for these defects the most exacting critic must allow that Professor Elton has produced a most scholarly and creditable piece of work.

"Serbian Folklore." Translated by Madame E. L. Mijatovich. With an Introduction by the late Rev. W. Denton. Second Edition, 1899. London: The Columbus Printing Company. 5s.

"Danish Fairy and Folk Tales." By J. Christian Bay. London and New York: Harper Brothers. 1899. 5s.

Nothing illustrates more strongly the one-ness of the human race than folklore. Stories current amid Greenland's icy mountains turn up on India's coral strands. The local colouring naturally varies, though in some cases touches of it are to a certain extent preserved. For instance, in the volume of Serbian folklore under review the mention of alligators and elephants points unerringly to the earlier residence of the Slavs in Asia. The preface prefixed to Madame Mijatovich's book provides an admirable sketch of the present state of folklore as a science. Its warnings against reading more into the text than exists there are still needful. It is true the solar myth has gone the way of other nebulous hypotheses, but the tendency to indulge in mythological symbolism is still rampant. These old wives' fables are not only valuable, however, to the ethnologist, they still form the best and most suitable form of amusement to those children whose age does not exclude them from the realm of wonderland. For our part we regard

them as far superior to nine-tenths of the wishy-washy fairy tales which are produced each year for Christmas consumption. It is curious to note how the Servian like many other collections of folklore is filled with unconscious protests against the rights of primogeniture. Of the three brothers who turn up over and over again in the stories, it is in every case save one the youngest who has the brains of the family. The volume on Danish Fairy and Folk Lore is what one might expect from the native land of that story-teller to the manner born, Hans Andersen. Mr. J. Christian Bay has got together a fine collection of tales by judiciously looting the rich collections of Svend Grundtvig, Kristenen, Ingval Bondesen and L. Budde. The illustrations are numerous and attractive. The only drawback for English child-readers is the Americanisms that crop up from time to time in the book, such as "will" for "shall," &c. The volume contains many old friends with new faces. There is the Taming of the Shrew, King John and the Abbot of Glastonbury, and the fools who succeed where wise men fail. We cannot help quoting a delightful variant of Calverley's "By Jove a bird." A Jutlander overtaken by wine and sleep lay down on the highway, when he was robbed of his fine stockings by a tramp who substituted his own ragged hose. A man who came driving along, shouted to him, "Keep your legs to yourself or I shall run over them." The Jutlander looked down at his legs encased in the tramp's stockings and gravely replied "Drive on! They are not my legs."

"The Story Books of Little Gidding." From the original MS. of Nicholas Ferrar. With an Introduction by E. Cruwys Sharland. London: Seeley. 1899. 6s.

Anglicanism had its first pure flowering time in the earlier seventeenth century. A chastened Catholicism tinged with the higher puritan spirit had emerged from the coarse controversies of the Reformation. The Religious Dialogues of the Huntingdonshire community, bound in five volumes by Mary Collet, have been preserved by her descendants, together with some relics of Charles I. (now at Windsor) and only recently acquired by the British Museum and Clare College. If the public appreciate the delicate aroma of these colloquies, with their inimitable touch of English style and grave, sweet, demure sententiousness, Mr. Sharland promises more. The stories themselves, chiefly culled from ecclesiastical history, are quaint and pithy, and we cannot hear too much about Nicholas Ferrar and his forty or more "regular" yet domesticated cœnobites. A courtier, a traveller and a parliament-man, with every worldly prospect offered him, he "separated himself to be the Levite himself in his own house, and to make his relations, which were many, his cure of souls." It was to be family life, but with Mary's "better part" as their pattern, neither of the world nor yet quite in it, but finding room for godly matrons as well as veiled virgins. While living by devotional rule they taught the fen children, were chirurgeons with salves, simples and balsams to the poor, and worked with their needles for the naked and for the altar. The King was their friend and customer, and on his way to set up his standard at Nottingham rode out of his way with the Palatine and the Prince of Wales to examine the "Great Book" which the gentlewomen were binding for the latter. It is the last picture we get before the letting loose of war, the King with "many valiant and noble" soldiers round him, studying Ferrar's Gospel Harmonies, while before him stand the Moderatour, the Patient, the Cheerefull, the Humble, the Affectionate, the Submissee and the other members of the Little Academy, and the Master of their Musique with his "vyole." It all belongs to the old world, and the modern high-church young lady will likely enough find the tales and talk dull. Those of the Outragious Leaper (leper), of the old holy Man and the Oile, and of Romanus and the Innocent may be commended. By the bye, "pyponder" (p. 221) should be pypouder, and "ferré va ferme" (p. vii.) does not mean "go firmly shod." As one turns from this book, one seems to be coming out of the sedate sweetness of a formal "knotted garden" into a street full of 'buses and bicycles.

"Good Citizenship." Twenty-three essays by various authors on social, personal, and economic problems and obligations. Edited by Rev. J. E. Hand. Preface by Canon Gore. London: George Allen. 1899. 6s. net.

We cannot better describe this collection of essays than by saying, in the words of their editor, that they are intended "to arrest the attention and stimulate the moral sense of those who, from one cause or another, have hitherto paid little heed to their duties and responsibilities as citizens." This they endeavour to do both by hortatory appeals against the indifference to high ideals of citizenship, and by description, discussion, and criticism of various political and municipal questions in which good citizens ought to be interested. The common standpoint of the essayists is that of the Christian Socialists; a belief in the necessity for the extension of State and municipal action over the whole field of social life; the State and the municipality being considered as the embodiment of a community guided by the principles of Christian ethics and animated by the altruism which characterises the Christian teaching. Certain of the essays classed under the heading of "Political and Economic Functions" consider on broad lines the general

principle of State and municipal action. The essay by the Rev. A. L. Lilley on "Democratic Government" is interesting for its argument that the party political system has become too clumsy an instrument to perform the exceedingly delicate work of giving effect to the higher aims of a democracy which aims at being just; and that so far from democracy implying majority rule it is exactly democracy, once arrived at an adequate appreciation of its mission, that will kill it. In the part entitled "Special Problems" such subjects as the housing of the poor, old age pensions, the poor law are treated; necessarily in somewhat summary fashion but all intelligently and lucidly. The short account of the working of the Poor Law is especially useful. The third part treating of "Social and Personal Obligations" ranges over a great variety of topics, such as "The Nation's Duties to the Empire" by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, "The Progress of Morality in the Relations of Men and Women," "The Work of a Lady's Settlement," "The Economic Duty of the Consumer," "Citizenship in Poets," and "Art and the Commonwealth." If the book does not go very deeply into any of the important subjects dealt with it gives their more salient features without putting too great strain upon the easy-going individual who is only in the embryonic stage of good citizenship.

"Experimental Physics." Translated from the third German edition of E. Lommel by G. W. Myers. Kegan Paul. 15s. net.

Mr. Myers is an admiring disciple of Prof. Lommel, and commemorates in his preface the great teacher's praiseworthy use of the historical method and his wealth of illustration drawn from daily life. But this carefully prepared translation suffers from two drawbacks: first that the original was published nearly seven years ago, and has been but slightly modified in the later editions; and second, that the German language does not possess that lucidity which is the peculiar charm of French works on physics, even after translation. In this book the descriptions of apparatus are often unnecessarily cumbersome by the fidelity with which the translator follows that extraordinary German method of beginning with the very core of the thing described, as nominative, and working outwards, in one parenthetical phrase after another, until the exterior, and the verb, are reached in triumph. Then although important new discoveries have been interpolated by the author, usually in small print paragraphs, they have not in any way modified the general conception of the book, and consequently it does not reflect the most significant and unlooked for developments of the last decade. There is no reference to any work on the liquefaction of gases, more recent than that of Cailletet and Pictet, nor do Arrhenius' conclusions on electrolytic dissociation find any place. The work can scarcely be said to be up to date. How much longer are we to wait for a genuinely English text-book of physics? We are getting tired of translations.

"Précis de l'Histoire de France." Par Alicée Fortier. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 4s.

M. Fortier is Professeur at the French University of Tulon in Louisiana. His object in writing the present "Précis de l'Histoire de France" is to provide the higher classes in American schools with a history that is neither too long nor too elementary. Beginning with Julius Cæsar and the Gauls it has been brought down to include the election of President Loubet and the inevitable "affaire." Within so small a compass as 173 pages battles and sieges take up the disproportionate space they usually occupy in the ordinary French history. There is little doubt that the Chauvinist, jingo spirit with its strange passion for "la gloire" is largely fostered by the prominence given to military affairs in French school histories to the exclusion of social and economic science. Professor Fortier would have done well to have devoted more attention to that side of French history which is so admirably developed in "La Petite Histoire du Peuple Français" of M. Lacombe.

"The Princess." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Golden Treasury Series. Macmillan. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"The Princess." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Little Library. Methuen. 1899. 1s. 6d.

It was well to include the "Princess" in the famous Golden Treasury series. The convenience of having any complete work in a small volume to itself is great. The Little Library edition of "The Princess" may thus be welcomed also, but it would be better without the frontispiece, which is poor.

"Ralph Fitch: England's Pioneer to India." By J. Horton Ryley. London: Unwin. 1899. 10s. 6d.

Ralph Fitch was probably the first Englishman to traverse India and Burma: certainly the first who has left a record of his travels. His narrative, striking enough to have been read and used by Shakespeare, is crowded with interest and provoking in its brevity. He saw and did enough to fill volumes and he has left us but a pamphlet. What would we not give now for a full account of his journey from Goa to Agra or his description of the splendours and the worthies of "Zelabdim Echebar's" Court? Mr. Ryley's valuable work not only reproduces Fitch's narrative but elucidates and connects it with contemporary events, by historical summaries of the periods

which preceded and followed his enterprise and by sketches of the great adventurers and merchants who built up England's commerce and laid the foundations of her Empire in the East. The volume will be welcomed by those who would know the making of England and the quality of the men who made her.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

South Africa monopolises the interest of the reviews issued with the New Year. That this should be so is a little hard on such contributions as Dr. Gardiner's account of Cromwellian Constitutionalism in the "Contemporary," Mr. Hugh Clifford's "Bush Whacking" in Blackwood's, Mr. Sidney Lee's "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" in the "Nineteenth" and Professor Sully's "Philosophy and Modern Culture" in the "Fortnightly." Even articles on gains and losses in the Pacific, the Newfoundland question, and Cabul and Herat—affected though all such questions are by the war and our Imperial preoccupations—command but secondary attention. At the same time we cannot fail to realise in perusing them that much more depends on the course of events in South Africa than the future of South Africa itself. If justice is to be secured for the Newfoundlander whose cause Mr. P. T. McGrath strenuously advocates in the "Fortnightly," if Russian designs in Afghanistan and Persia are to be met in the diplomatic way suggested by Mr. Boulger in the "Contemporary," Great Britain must go through with the conflict in South Africa whatever it may cost. She must show that "the cankers of a long peace" on which Mr. Arnold Forster writes in the "National" have not touched her vital parts. The splendid response made by all arms to the Government's call following on the repeated exhibitions of dauntless courage on the part of our soldiers should be a sufficient answer to cavillers. But this is not the only evidence which must be forthcoming that Britain's decadence is not yet. We have been brought face to face with some very unpleasant home truths in the last few weeks and we shall have to set to work to remedy defects which experience alone could thrust into the full light of day. The lesson extracted from the war by Major Arthur Griffiths in the course of a "Fortnightly" article which does not err on the side of lenient criticism is that the only true and safe masters of an army and its resources are members of the military profession. That is the administrative side of the problem which will have to be thoroughly thrashed out. But there is a wider and more delicate issue to be faced. Sir George Clarke and Mr. Sidney Low in the "Nineteenth" from their respective standpoints of soldier and civilian enlarge on the defects proved to exist in the provision for the defence of the Empire. How are our military needs to be met if conscription is not to be resorted to? Both turn to the Militia ballot as the one means of securing an adequate supply of men capable of bearing arms in a crisis. Revival of the Militia ballot would make us, in the words of the editor of the "Nineteenth Century," "an armed and drilled, though not necessarily a conscript, nation amongst all the other armed and drilled nations of the world." Sir George Clarke says we require behind the Regular Army a homogeneous, well-trained and properly equipped force of not less than 400,000 men, capable of being mobilised within a fortnight. Mr. Low describes the Swiss system from which he thinks we might take some hints. "It may be asked," he says "whether the proposed burgher army should be liable for foreign service. I am afraid the question must be answered in the affirmative." Why afraid? If Britons at home had any more hesitation about serving in Africa than in England they would at once proclaim that they do not consider any colony as much part of the Empire as Kent or Cornwall and would fall short of the patriotic examples readily set by Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians. What again does Mr. Low mean by speaking of "our mercenary army"? In an etymological sense he is no doubt right, but a British soldier is mercenary only as any other person whose services to his country are paid for is mercenary.

Both the military and political situation past and present in South Africa must for a long time to come afford material for excellent articles. For the moment the disposition is not to criticise the generals on imperfectly known facts. General Gatacre's action apparently is not regarded as within this category. "Gatacre's reverse cannot be forgiven him" says Major Griffiths. "General Gatacre attempted the impossible on an empty stomach with the aid of a policeman" says "Blackwood." No doubt the ill-starred advance on Stormberg has given courage to sedition in Cape Colony. Mr. J. A. Hobson in the "Contemporary" denies that anything in the nature of a conspiracy against British rule has ever existed. He challenges "the upholders of the Dutch conspiracy hypothesis" to produce any evidence from the speech or conduct of Republican statesmen or Afrikaner leaders "to prove the existence of any design to establish an independent Dutch Republic in South Africa." A few weeks ago he might as reasonably have challenged anyone to produce evidence of Boer readiness for a great war. Mr. Hobson attributes the whole trouble to capitalism which has used Imperialism for its own unworthy ends. If he will study the Rev. Dr. Wirgman's article in the

"Nineteenth Century" he may perhaps see that capitalism is much less of a sinner than President Kruger. Dr. Wirgman's experience is not that of a globe-trotter. His long years of service in South Africa make him a competent witness; he affirms that the conspiracy against British rule dates back to 1881, that Mr. Kruger is its author and that dreams of Dutch paramountcy may well have seemed to him on the verge of realisation when Mr. Steyn became President of the Free State and Mr. Schreiner Premier of Cape Colony. "Blackwood's" conclusion is much the same. When we have dispelled the idea carefully fostered by President Kruger that British forces are a negligible quantity, his power will be at an end in a double sense. He will not only have been defeated by Great Britain but he will lose the support of the Boers themselves. To the belated minds which still think there is something to be said for the Boer Republics an article in the "National" by a Canadian Radical, Mr. A. R. Carman, may be commended. Mr. Carman neatly complains that Radicals by defending the Tory Boer have given away their case against the Tory Briton. How can they attack the one whilst upholding the other? Is not the Briton taking away the Boers' country, asks the Radical, just as the Americans are shooting patriotism to death in the Philippines? Mr. Carman supplies some excellent answers to this question but the strongest reply of all would be that the Briton has taken nothing from the Boers. Up to the present it is the Boers who have taken something from Great Britain. The South African and the Philippine wars are not on all fours. In the interests of the Boers themselves Great Britain's complete triumph is to be desired. Dr. Hillier in the "Fortnightly" makes it clear that Dutch independence at the Cape would be a blow to civilisation and confirm the backward tendency which is observable in the Transvaal. On the whole the Boer has preserved his stock fairly pure but native influences are surely if slowly affecting the admirable original qualities. When the Boers have been beaten and taught to respect the Briton, Mr. Bartley encourages the idea in the "National" that they will settle down peacefully to the new order of things. Lest however they should not do so Mr. Arnold White—also in the "National"—recommends an organised scheme of British colonisation which would throw the balance of population heavily in our favour. Selected settlers should be sent out and educated in agricultural ways best suited to South Africa and some of the reservists now in the country might welcome the opportunity of remaining if favourable conditions were offered.

For This Week's Books see page 29.

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THE VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, LIMITED

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LOCAL SECRETARIES.

THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED, NORWICH UNION BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG, Z.A.R.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Submitted at the Fifth Annual Ordinary General Meeting held on the 29th day of December, 1899, with the Balance Sheet for year ending 30th June, 1899, and Report by the Managing Director:—

Since the date of the last Annual Report, the options over the balance of the unissued Capital which were then outstanding have been exercised, thus completing in full the Company's Capital of £400,000.

The operations for the year have resulted in a net profit being realised of £64,607 15s. 1d., which, together with the amount of £38,117 10s. 4d. brought forward from last account and £32,607 7s. 9d. at credit of General Reserve Account, making a total of £135,332 13s. 2d., it is proposed to carry forward to the new account.

The premium received upon the shares issued during the year, amounting to £41,963 10s., has been carried to the General Reserve Account, against which has been written off the sum of £30,427 7s. 7d., comprising the items set forth in the Balance Sheet.

During the year under review the outstanding Debenture debt of £80,000 was redeemed, and all the new mine equipment paid for. It had been the intention of the Directors to declare a substantial dividend at the Annual Meeting, but having regard to the uncertainty as to the future which has arisen, owing to the war, they consider that it will be wiser for the present to husband the resources of the Company to provide against any eventualities that may arise.

With the improved plant and the increase in the number of stamps, the yield of gold during the year has very largely increased, and, concurrently with this increase, the percentage of gold recovered per ton is proportionately higher, as the following comparison shows:—

	Tonnage Crushed.	Total Yield in Standard Gold. Ozs.	Total Yield per Ton. Dwt.	Total Realised per Ton. s. d.	Total Costs per Ton. s. d.	Profit per Ton. s. d.
Year ending 30 June, 1898	133,622	45,447.053	6.822	26 0-00	22 6-10	3 6-10
Year ending 30 June, 1899	150,870	56,362.382	7.471	28 7-17	20 6-55	8 0-55

The position at the Mine is very satisfactory. The auriferous value of the Company's Mynpacht has been proved throughout. The tonnage of payable ore in sight at the end of June amounted to 216,346 tons as compared with 105,843 tons at the same date last year. The general equipment has been completed, and the capital expenditure has practically ceased.

For full particulars as to the working of the Mines during the past year, the attention of Shareholders is directed to the report of Mr. George Albu, the Managing Director. The report discloses so fully the actual position at 30 June, and the results that may be expected when work is resumed, that more detailed explanation is rendered unnecessary. It may be further pointed out that the estimates made in the last Directors' report, based upon Mr. Albu's figures, have not only been realised during the year, but have actually been exceeded, although a less number of stamps were working than was calculated upon.

Upon the outbreak of the War, steps were promptly taken by our local representatives for the protection of the Company's property, and it is hoped and believed that these will render the Mine and machinery safe. Shareholders may rest assured that everything is being done, both to safeguard the Company's property and at the same time to maintain the Mine in an effective condition. Should no serious damage occur, operations will be recommenced immediately hostilities have ceased, and the prosperous career which has so suddenly been checked will be resumed. Therefore, to use the words of the Managing Director, in a letter to the Board: the Shareholders may "calmly await the issue of events, in the certainty that their patience will have ample reward."

Mr. Albu's tribute to Mr. Wenz, the General Manager, Mr. Seimert, the Mine Secretary, and the rest of the Staff, is cordially endorsed by your Board. The best evidence of the value of the services of Mr. George Albu himself is, the Directors consider, the position which the Company holds to-day.

The Board deeply regret to record the death in July last of their colleague, Mr. J. H. Van Ryn.

Under the terms of the Articles of Association, Mr. John Sear retires, but, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., the Auditors appointed by you, retire in accordance with clause 148 of the Articles of Association, but, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

F. A. GILLAM, Chairman.

STUART JAMES HOGG, Secretary.

29 December, 1899.

MANAGING DIRECTOR'S REPORT.

The Chairman and Directors,

VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, LIMITED.

JOHANNESBURG.

31st September, 1899.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to append hereunder my Report covering the operations of your Company for the past financial year.

NEW EQUIPMENT.

In your Manager's Report you will find full details of the additions and alterations to the Plant effected during the year under review. You will note that these are quite comprehensive with the exception of the old Sorting Plant at the West Mill; your Mines are equipped with machinery and appliances of the most modern design.

DEVELOPMENT AND PERMANENT WORKS.

During the past year we have completed a total of 25,124 feet of driving, cutting, and wining, under the head of Development, and 3,751 feet under the head of Per-

manent Works, or a grand total of 28,885 feet, full details of which are presented in the Manager's Report and Schedules thereto annexed.

PAYABLE ORE IN SIGHT.

Your Manager estimates that at date there is a total of 216,346 tons of payable ore in sight, 118,053 tons being Main Reef Leader, and 98,293 tons Main Reef Ore. This estimate is based upon figures which I regard as very conservative, for the reason that they are taken upon a width of 30 inches of Reef. In the Eastern Section of the Mine we have Main Reef Leader Stopes which incline 6 to 8 thin stringers of Reef, averaging from 8 to 10 feet in width, and in actual practice our Main Reef Stopes are seldom less than 4 feet. Making all allowance, therefore, for the sorting of Waste Rock, it can be seen that a 30-inch width basis is well within the actual average. Again, in this estimate, only blocked out sections are included, which give payable assay values from the drives and winzes. The Main Reef Leaders, however, being such extremely thin bodies, are found to fluctuate exceedingly in value, and we have experienced many cases in which blocks of apparently unpayable rock—judged by the development assays—have later been stoped with payable results. I have therefore no hesitation in saying that in our mining operations we shall extract from the present developed ground a much greater tonnage of payable ore than your Manager has estimated.

GRADE OF THE DEVELOPED PAYABLE ORE.

Under this heading I stated in my last Annual Report that the grade of the Main Reef Leader was at that time "without doubt higher than the Main Reef." The development of the Main Reef, however, in the lower levels of the No. 4 Mine, or Central Section, has been higher than formerly, and the last year's work shows practically no difference in the value of the Leaders and the Main Reef. There is, however, this important difference relating to tonnage, that of the total ore developed in the said lower levels of the Central Section an increasing proportion is payable, thus decreasing the actual charges on Mine Development Redemption Account. The average value of the payable Main Reef bodies opened during the year is from 13 to 14 dwts. on a width of 30 in. The value of the ore developed in the Leaders is about the same as the Main Reef, but a fixed value is not easily assessable on account of the thin width of the Leaders and their violently fluctuating values. The average extraction value to be obtained from 14 dwts. on 30 in. on a sorting basis of 25 per cent. is 34s. per ton, which is the figure I forecasted in my last Report.

YIELDS AND PROFITS.

In a schedule attached to the Manager's Report is given the profit per ton crushed for each month of the last financial year. For the first nine months you will observe fluctuating profits ranging from 5s. 6d. to 9s. 4d. per ton crushed. This is accounted for by the fact that the re-arrangement of plant and various other work in hand interfered with the regular working of the mines, and therefore an even grade of rock could not be maintained, and further, as the Sorting Plant could only handle a given proportion of the ore hoisted, it happened that when sections of the Mine were working in which the Reefs were thin and a large amount of waste was stoped, the returns would fall below those obtained when working at points where the Reefs were wider.

For the months of April, May, and June there is a considerable rise in the profits earned per ton. In May we may be said to have commenced upon a new career, as in that month we had virtually completed our new equipment, and dropped an extra 30 stamps, making 110 in all. The profit per ton crushed amounted to 11s. 6d. In June we dropped an additional 10 stamps, bringing the crushing capacity up to 120 stamps, and in that month raised the profit to 14s. 9d. per ton crushed. This figure you will see very nearly approximates the estimated profit of 15s. per ton given in my last Annual Report, and is 3s. per ton higher than was estimated by Mr. Denny in his original report. The average profit per ton for the first nine months of the year was 7s. 8d. per ton, whilst that for the last three months rose to 12s. 3d. per ton, with every indication of increasing results. These returns compare very favourably with the average profit of 3s. 6d. per ton made during the last financial year.

You will observe that we are only very gradually raising our stamping power. I would point out that this was not because the condition of the Mine was in any way backward, but because we were hampered by shortness of Native labour, and the fear that the water supply would not hold out against a larger drain. This danger we believe we have for the future averted, as, by virtue of an arrangement made with an adjoining Company, our upper dam has been raised to a height that, given the rainfall, ensures us an ample water supply for all purposes, and free of all cost to this Company.

FUTURE YIELDS.

The crushing of the past two months of the financial year supplies us with very good data upon which to base our future estimates as to yield. We may safely reckon that the average payable ore of the Mine will net the Company profits of 15s. per ton crushed, and the gross profits to be made depend largely upon the number of stamps which we can feel. With increased sorting facilities at the West Mill, and given a full complement of labour, we should be in a position to keep up the present grade without variation, and the additional number of stamps running will tend to decrease cost per ton crushed, with a proportionate increase of profit. Assuming, however, that our profits per ton crushed will not increase when running 160 stamps, our returns will appear as under:—

160 stamps will crush, say	24,000 tons per month.
24,000 tons crushed at 15s. per ton profit =	£18,000 per month.
Annual profit =	£216,000.

THE MINE.

The Ore supply for the Mill is drawn in fairly equal quantities from the Estate and West Sections, the Main Reef supplying about two-thirds and the Main Reef Leaders one-third of the total Ore. The Main Reef in the Central Section presents less fluctuation in value than in any other portion of the property. In the Eastern Section it occurs in well defined shoots of highly payable Ore, which are separated by equally well defined shoots of poorer rock. The proportion of these to one another in a given stretch will be found to be about equal. In this Section, however, to balance the inequalities of the Main Reef, we have long stretches of highly payable Main Reef Leaders, which are only divided from one another by thin widths of quartzite, and can therefore be mined as one Reef. The proportion of waste broken out is of course high; but, with the perfection of our sorting appliances, we can reject from thirty to thirty-five per cent. of the total rock hoisted from the Mine. We can safely estimate, therefore, that at the present time we are running a thickness that will represent 4 feet of reef throughout the claim area of the Section.

In the Central Section we are stoping the Main Reef Leaders only in the upper levels. We propose to attack them at points in the lower levels from which the Main Reef has already been stoped. On the 4th level west we have proved a considerable length of payable Leader, and this will probably be the first point attacked. Having already stoped the Main Reef, the winning of the Leader—virtually amounts to stripping, which can be done very cheaply. In the winning of the Leaders in this way, we have, therefore, the advantage of less cost under Mining heads, and also the very important absorption from a Mine Development charge, as that has already been borne by the extracted Main Reef. In other words the miner will be done at 2s. per ton less than ordinarily, and the ore is free from a charge of 4s. per ton on account of development redemption; therefore the ore goes into the Mill bearing 6s. per ton less charges. The average extraction value may therefore be 11 dwts. less than that from the ore ordinarily won, and still yield the same profit on treatment.

In the West Section of the property the leaders are more extensively worked than in any other portion, and they are of higher average grade; this particularly applies to the No. 2 Mine, which supplies an excess of Leader over Main Reef.

In all sections of the Mine development is well ahead of the Mill requirement, and our aim will be always to maintain the Mine in this condition.

One point of interest I may mention in connection with our mine work during the year is the finding of the reef in the hitherto unknown section lying between the West and the Central Section. This block was omitted from Mr. Denny's original estimate of total unworked tonnage for the reason that the reef had not been exactly located, and was in fact in times prior to this examination regarded as wholly occupied by dyke rock. We are now developing the Main Reef from the second level of the No. 2 Mine, and so far with encouraging results. The total area included in this hitherto unworked section is about six reef claims.

WORKING COSTS.

The working costs calculated on the tonnage crushed for the past year have averaged 20s. 6d. as against 22s. 6d. last year, a decrease of 2s. per ton. This must be considered satisfactory in consideration of the fact that we ran only 80 stamps for 10½ months out of the twelve.

SLIME PLANT.

The question of the treatment of our current slimes has occupied our attention during the past year, and for some months a plant to handle the produce of 80 stamps has been on order. This plant introduces some new features in slime treatment, and is specially low in first cost, as can be gathered from the fact that the outside estimate for the complete 80 stamp plant is £4,000. We expect that the treatment of our slimes will add considerably to the profits which the Company will make in the future, our expectation being based on the following data:—

TREATING THE SLIMES FROM EIGHTY STAMPS.

Tonnage of slimes per day on Van Ryn Ore	= 130
Tonnage produced per month, say	= 3,800 tons.
Average assay value per ton	= 35 dwts. = 147 shillings
Estimated average extraction per ton	= 24 " = 100 "
Estimated cost of treatment	= 3-0 "
Estimated profit per ton on basis of tons treated	= 7-0 "
Estimated profit per ton on basis of tons milled	= 2-1 "
Estimated monthly profit from 80 stamp Plant	= £1,200

Besides the direct profit to be gained as shown above by the institution of slime treatment, there is, in the system we have adopted, the indirect saving to the Company in the making and up-keep of slimes dams, a regular cost of £1 per stamp per month, and also a large saving of water.

Slimes plant treatment is in all cases on the Rand still in an early developmental stage, and hence, before committing the Company to the expenditure necessary for the complete 160 stamp installation, it was deemed advisable to first prove the efficiency of the plant on the smaller scale. If the results expected are obtained, we shall immediately take in hand the erection of another composite plant at the Estate Mill of sufficient capacity for the treatment of both our current and accumulated slimes. Of these latter the Company has quite an enormous tonnage, since they have been increasing for years past.

SORTING.

The question of improvement in the sorting appliances was one that engaged my attention from the time of my taking over the management of the Company. The average percentage of waste discarded for the financial year ended 30 June, 1898 was just under 18 per cent. For the financial year under review, rock discarded by sorting has averaged 22½, an increase of 4½ per cent. The amount is not sufficient, however, to do the best work upon the class of rock yielded by our mines; we should reject not less than 30 per cent. The present plant at the West Mill enables us to sort only from 12 to 15 per cent. of rock, whilst on our new plant at the Estate Mill we can reject from 27 to 30 per cent. To bring the average up to 30 per cent. a new plant is required at the West Mill of sufficient capacity to handle the whole of the rock mined from that Section, less, of course, that proportion that passes through the grizzlies as "fines." The designs for this plant are already in hand, and the work will be carried out as expeditiously as possible. We may expect that this sorting plant when running will raise our average yield by half a pennyweight per ton.

In conclusion I have to thank the Manager, Mr. E. WENZ, for the painstaking and unremitting attention he has given to his many arduous duties during the past year, and also to convey my appreciation of the manner in which the various heads of departments on the Mine have fulfilled their respective duties, with special mention of the Resident Secretary, Mr. E. SEMBERT, and the Resident Engineer, Mr. E. HENSON, through whose untiring energy we were able in a very prescribed period to install and successfully start all the new plant necessary for operating on our new basis.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

GEORGE ALBU, Managing Director.

VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, 30 June, 1899.

To Capital Authorised—	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
400,000 Shares of £1 each	400,000	0	0			
Capital Issued—						
400,000 Shares of £1 each	400,000	0	0			
Less Calls in arrear, since paid	14,281	7	6			
				385,718	12	6
Creditors—						
South Africa—						
Sundry Creditors	7,754	11	11			
Bank Overdraft, Johannesburg	7,387	0	5			
Kaffir Wages	2,765	0	9			
Rents received in advance	211	19	2			
				18,108	12	3
London—						
Sundry Creditors	715	16	3			
Dividends Unpaid	35	7	3			
				751	3	6
Bills Payable				35,000	0	0
General Reserve Account—						
Balance at Credit, 30 June, 1898	24,730	8	3			
Less consideration on taking up Option in advance, Liquidation Expenses, &c.	3,649	2	11			
				21,081	5	4
Add Premium on 100,000 Shares Issued	50,000	0	0			
				71,081	5	4
Less Premium on Shares in arrear, since paid	8,046	10	0			
				63,034	15	4
Deduct Amounts written off as per contra—						
Permanent Works						
(15 per cent. on £66,593 3 10)	9,988	19	6			
Buildings (10 per cent. on £27,206 8 10)	2,720	12	10			
Machinery and Plant (10 per cent. on £126,812 11 2)	12,681	5	1			
Cyanide Works (10 per cent. on £39,215 5 2)	3,921	10	6			
Reservoirs and Dams (10 per cent. on £8,718 18 5)	871	17	10			
				30,184	5	9
Furniture, S. Africa (10 per cent. on £951 10 7)	95	3	0			
Livestock and harness (10 per cent. on £1,043 9 8)	104	6	11			
Furniture, London (10 per cent. on £435 19 2)	43	11	11			
				43	1	10
				30,427	7	7
				32,607	7	9
Profit and Loss Account—						
Balance at Credit 30th June, 1898	38,117	10	4			
Profit for year	64,897	15	1			
				102,925	5	5
				£575,111	1	5

By Cost of Property	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
228,757	18	2				
Other Expenditure in South Africa to date, in addition to the cost of the acquisition of the above. (Less amounts written off to 30th June, 1898):—						
On Permanent Works	66,593	3	10			
Buildings	27,206	8	10			
Machinery and Plant	126,812	11	2			
Cyanide Works	39,215	5	2			
Reservoirs and Dams	8,718	18	5			
	268,546	7	5			
Less Amount written off to General Reserve						
Account for year as per contra	30,184	5	9			
				238,362	1	8
				467,119	19	10
Furniture at Mine	951	10	7			
Live Stock, Harness, &c.	1,043	9	8			
Furniture (London)	435	19	2			
	2,430	19	5			
Less Amount written off to General Reserve						
Account for year as per contra	243	1	10			
				2,187	17	7
Mine Development	93,074	19	4			
Less Redemption	30,174	0	0			
	62,900	19	4			
Stores in Hand	439	8	0			
Ore Reserves in Bins	285	6	4			
Insurance Premiums paid in advance				724	14	4
Debtors—						
South Africa	590	16	7			
London	1,511	3	3			
				2,101	19	10
Expense Account—						
2½ per cent. Government Tax	979	19	10			
Bills Receivable—South Africa	688	10	0			
Investment in Foreign Government Securities	2,195	16	0			
Gold in Hand and in Transit	17,283	16	2			
Cash at Bankers and in Hand—						
South Africa—						
At the Mine (Benoni Branch of the National Bank of South African Republic)	2,200	14	8			
London—						
At Bank	1,091	0	7			
On Deposit	9,000	0	0			
In hand	42	15	6			
				31,814	2	11
				£575,111	1	5

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account with the Books and Vouchers in London, the returns from South Africa certified by the Local Auditor, having been duly incorporated therein, and we certify that, in our opinion, the Balance Sheet correctly represents the position of the affairs of the Company on 30th June, 1899.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO., Auditors.
4 Lothbury, London, E.C., Chartered Accountants.
15th December, 1899.

LOCAL LOANS STOCK,

Not redeemable before 1st April, 1912, and bearing interest until that date at £3 per Cent. per Annum, payable Quarterly.

Issue of £2,000,000.

Minimum Price, £97:10s. per Cent.

THE GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK of

ENGLAND give notice that they are authorised to receive tenders for 2,000,000 LOCAL LOANS STOCK, to be created by the LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY under the National Debt and Local Loans Act, 1887-90 & 51 Vict. c. 16.

The Stock will be inscribed in the books of the Bank of England, and consolidated with the existing Local Loans Stock.

As regards Security, quarterly payment of Dividends, transmission of Dividend Warrants by post, and exemption from stamp duty on Transfers, Local Loans Stock is on precisely the same footing as Consols.

Trustees are empowered under the Act to invest in this Stock.

The first quarter's dividend on this issue will be payable on the 5th April next.

Tenders must be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, on Tuesday, the 9th January, 1900, before 2 o'clock, and a deposit of £5 per cent. on the nominal amount of the Stock tendered for must be paid at the time of the delivery of the tender; the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in the case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock. Each tender must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of Stock. The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £97:10s. for every £100 of Stock. All tenders must be at prices which are multiples of sixpence.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that to be issued, at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* diminution.

The dates on which the further payments on account of the Loan will be required, are as follows:—

On Tuesday, the 23rd January, 1900, (so much as, when added to the deposit, will leave Sixty Pounds (Sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of Stock;
On Tuesday, the 20th February, 1900, £30 per cent.;
On Tuesday, the 20th March, 1900, £30 per cent.

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